

JUL 26 1910

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PRICE, 10 CENTS
JULY 28, 1910



BOVINE DELIGHTS

Pierce-Arrow



[The Pierce-Arrow at the New Theatre]

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y. Licensed under Selden Patent



Beginning with the next number

The Ladies' Home Journal

Will Be Issued Twice a Month
At 10 Cents a Copy

The leading woman's magazine
at the popular 10-cent price. The
first twice-a-month number will
be out August 25th—the next
September 10th.

The Entire 24 Magazines For
\$1.50 a Year The Same as at Present

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

Lead the Imaginary Life

A FEW NEW MENTAL SUBSCRIBERS CAN STILL BE TAKEN ON

The recent announcement, not only in this page, but sent broadcast through our thought bureau, that our limit of ten million mental subscribers had been reached, naturally was received with great consternation. Many people had delayed putting their minds on it, the result being that their vibrations came too late.

Owing, however, to cancellations, and a number of subscribers that we were obliged to refuse after their application had been filed, there are still about a hundred thousand vacancies.

We are compelled to state that the new applicants will be scrutinized with unusual care, and if many of them don't get in they should not blame us. We are now in a position where we can take on only the elect. Here is a letter just received through one of our coarse physical departments:

Dear Sirs:

Look here! I subscribed mentally for one hundred years, and up to date have received no returns. Haven't felt the slightest sign of being funny since I concentrated. Am afraid that you are a fraud.

Yours truly,

H — B —

We cannot emphasize too much the fact that this is a serious department, and we absolutely refuse to consider any applications conceived in the facetious spirit of this individual's communication.

This is no joke.

In the first place, we will not receive thought subscriptions for one hundred years. One year at a time, and renewals subject to our cancellation.

We are in a position where we can dictate our own terms; at the same time we wish everybody to understand that we fully realize our responsibilities. We propose shortly to reorganize the whole publishing business of this country, but we shall do it in a seemly manner. Some of our contemporaries are in too much of a hurry.

We wish, in the first place, to emphasize the fact that when you become a mental subscriber to LIFE you are doing a conscious act, not to be treated lightly. We guarantee to keep you in harmony with the universe, but you must do your part. Don't get the idea that this is something funny.

The only reality is the mind.

Use our regular form when subscribing, and in addition give your pedigree. No use to gloss things over. We have a band of trained thought experts and we can tell whether you are vibrating the truth or not.

You can do it anywhere. Let your eye rest on any shining object. We recently suggested a door knob,

but if you are living in a camp, for example, where door knobs are scarce, concentrate on a tin pan. Anything that glitters will answer.

When you have hypnotized yourself, state mentally

Life:
I wish to become a mental subscriber. My name is _____ and my address is _____. I have committed the following crimes _____ but I am now trying to lead an harmonious life.

That's all you have to do. If you are rejected, you will feel melancholy for a few days. In fact, you will always feel melancholy. If you are entered and classified, you will begin at once to get the mental LIFE. Here's a sample of many mental letters received:

Life:
Three weeks ago I was standing up in the subway with about a million other unfortunates, when suddenly, between stations, I thought to myself: "Dear me, I wish I was a mental LIFE subscriber." This isn't, as I am aware, in accordance with your regular form, but my wish was so sincere and earnest, that I have an idea you just couldn't refuse me. Well, the next day I began laughing to myself and have kept it up ever since. Your advertisements are particularly good. I have, since subscribing, been trying all the imaginary automobiles advertised so extensively in your superb special numbers, and not one of them has broken down! What more can I say!
Joyfully yours,

We are going to have something to announce soon about our mental advertisers and the quality of their advertisements. We proudly affirm—and we challenge a denial—that we are the first paper in this country to insist on pure mental advertisements. That is why we can easily command one hundred dollars a line in imaginary money; in fact, we have to turn away advertisers every week, who concentrate in vain.

Pure mental advertising for all—that is our watch word. Only last week a man came around to our mental "ad" department and wanted to advertise in some of our coming imaginary specials an imaginary hair restorer. He said he could vibrate a fine imaginary head of hair in two days. But we have too much regard for our mental subscribers to permit a glaring imposition like this to go in.

Every mental advertisement you read in the imaginary LIFE you receive regularly is genuine, and backed up by the whole concentrated office force.

Lead the imaginary LIFE. Be a mental subscriber ere it is too late. Only approved applicants taken. Concentrate on

LIFE'S Thought Bureau.

(In case reply is expected, please enclose mental postage.)



AROUND
THE
WORLD

THOS. COOK & SON

45 Broadway, 264 5th Avenue, NEW YORK

Cook's 39th Annual
Series of Tours de Luxe.
Small private parties.
Best arrangements. Send
for Program G.

A Blissful "Submerging of the Ego"

The "good old Kentucky variety, with the bloom on it," will doubtless long hold the palm for the happiness and finish of its execution. Not to speak of what the fine old golden Bourbon can do in these doughty days of prohibition, there is still its past record.

Back in his home city, in the Blue Grass Empire, they love to tell some good stories of their much-honored John G. Carlisle, and those pleasant nights at the banquet-board illuminated with his scintillant wit. Occasionally, too, the aftermath of the banquet-board comes in for a share of reminiscence.

Two men of the bright coterie gathered about Senator Carlisle, in those rare times, will not soon be forgotten in their section; one, the aristocratic and big-brained Hamilton, the other, the witty and irresistible Irish counselor and orator, Hallam.

With Carlisle, they made a trio of cronies seldom matched. All lived on Garrard Avenue and to this day the older residents along that street recall, with tender, reminiscent grins, how gallantly the three would oft escort one another home, in the hours "ayant the twa."

But one night—or morning?—there was a strange perplexity. The bell of



Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde At the Telephone

Courteous and considerate co-operation is as essential at the telephone as in the office or home.

In every use of the telephone system, three human factors are brought into action—one at each end, one or both anxious and probably impatient, another at the central office, an expert, at least as intelligent and reliable as the best stenographers or bookkeepers.

For the time being, this central office factor is the personal servant of the other two and

is entitled to the same consideration that is naturally given to their regular employees.

Perfect service depends upon the perfect co-ordinate action of all three factors—any one failing, the service suffers. This should never be forgotten.

All attempts to entirely eliminate the personal factor at the central office, to make it a machine, have been unsuccessful. There are times when no mechanism, however ingenious, can take the place of human intelligence.

The marvelous growth of the Bell System has made the use of the telephone universal and the misuse a matter of public concern. Courtesy on the part of telephone users is only possible when they fail to realize the efficiency of the service. It will cease when they talk over the telephone as they would talk face to face.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy,

One System,

Universal Service.

the Carlisle residence kept ringing distractedly. Neighbors peeped out, seeing only the three familiars on the top step. Wouldn't the latchkey work?

Finally an upper window opened and the Madame, never overpatient with this state of things, asked, in exasperated tones:

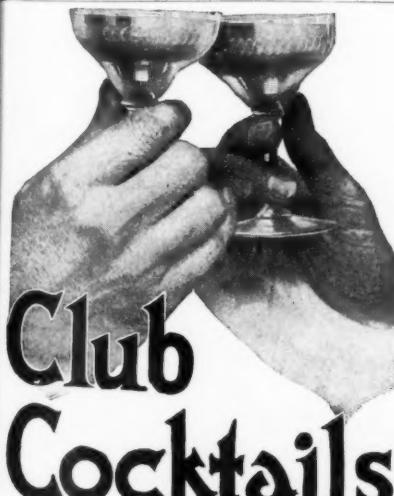
"What is the matter down there?"

"Mrs. Carlisle," answered Hallam,

with a tongue rather less glib than its wont, "we have brought home the Senator."

"O well," she returned, impatiently, "just stand him up in the doorway and go on. I'll come and get him."

"We would gladly do it, madame," rejoined the Irishman, debonairly, "only—you will have to come down and pick him out!"—*Brooklyn Life*.



"When Good Fellows Get
Together"

Simply strain through
cracked ice and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEURLEIN BRO. Hartford New York London

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, spirit and soda beverages. Appetising, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps. C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Go to a HAYNES Dealer and See This 1911 Car

Another Remarkable Haynes Car

In 1910 we startled the motor world by placing the Haynes "Model 19" 5-passenger touring car on the market at the astonishingly low price of \$2,000.

The effect upon the trade and public was instantaneous. Within 30 days from the time our first announcement had appeared in the National Magazines we had **definite, advance payment orders** for more cars than we could make.

This new model not only appealed to the man who was considering paying \$3,000 for a car, and who saw in this Haynes an opportunity of saving \$1,000 on his purchase—

But it appealed to the man who found that by paying only \$500 more than the cost of a **temporary** car of common quality it was possible for him to get a car of **known** quality and reputation that would prove a **permanently satisfactory** investment.

HAYNES

Probably no other car that has ever been put on the market has been as critically examined by experts as was this new Haynes.

Other manufacturers of high-grade cars were anxious to know what manner of car this "Model 19" was, and the one criticism that was made was that it was financially impossible to put out a car of the Haynes "Model 19" quality at \$2,000 and make a profit.

They predicted that either it would be necessary for us to reduce the quality or increase the price.

We have done neither.

Aside from minor **improvements**—a wider, roomier tonneau, longer wheel base, etc.—the car remains unchanged, and it also remains the most remarkable automobile value ever put on the market.

The Haynes "Model 20" For 1911

This is the latest model of the car that marked a new era in the purchase price of high-grade cars.

It has 35-40 horsepower.

It has a longer, roomier tonneau than last year's model.

It has 114 inch wheel base.

It is not only **fully equipped**, but the equipment is of the **best grade obtainable**.

For example, every car will be supplied with the well-known Warner Auto Meter—costing three times as much as most of the speed indicators that are put on cars. (Only a speed indicator of this quality is entitled to be **put on a car like the Haynes**.)

All other equipment is of like character.

Last year's phenomenal response to our announcement of Haynes at \$2,000 convinced us that the large majority of buyers prefer a car of **known** quality if it can be had at **anywhere near** the price asked for common-quality cars.

And the fact that the 1910 Haynes was the first serious attempt to meet this demand gave the car a decidedly enviable place among better grade cars.

This year's "Model 20" with its **added refinements** is the best possible evidence that we propose to **maintain the Haynes supremacy**.

Orders are already in for early Fall deliveries on these cars and we strongly advise those who are contemplating the purchase of a **permanent** car of **known** merit and reputation to communicate with us or our local representatives at once.

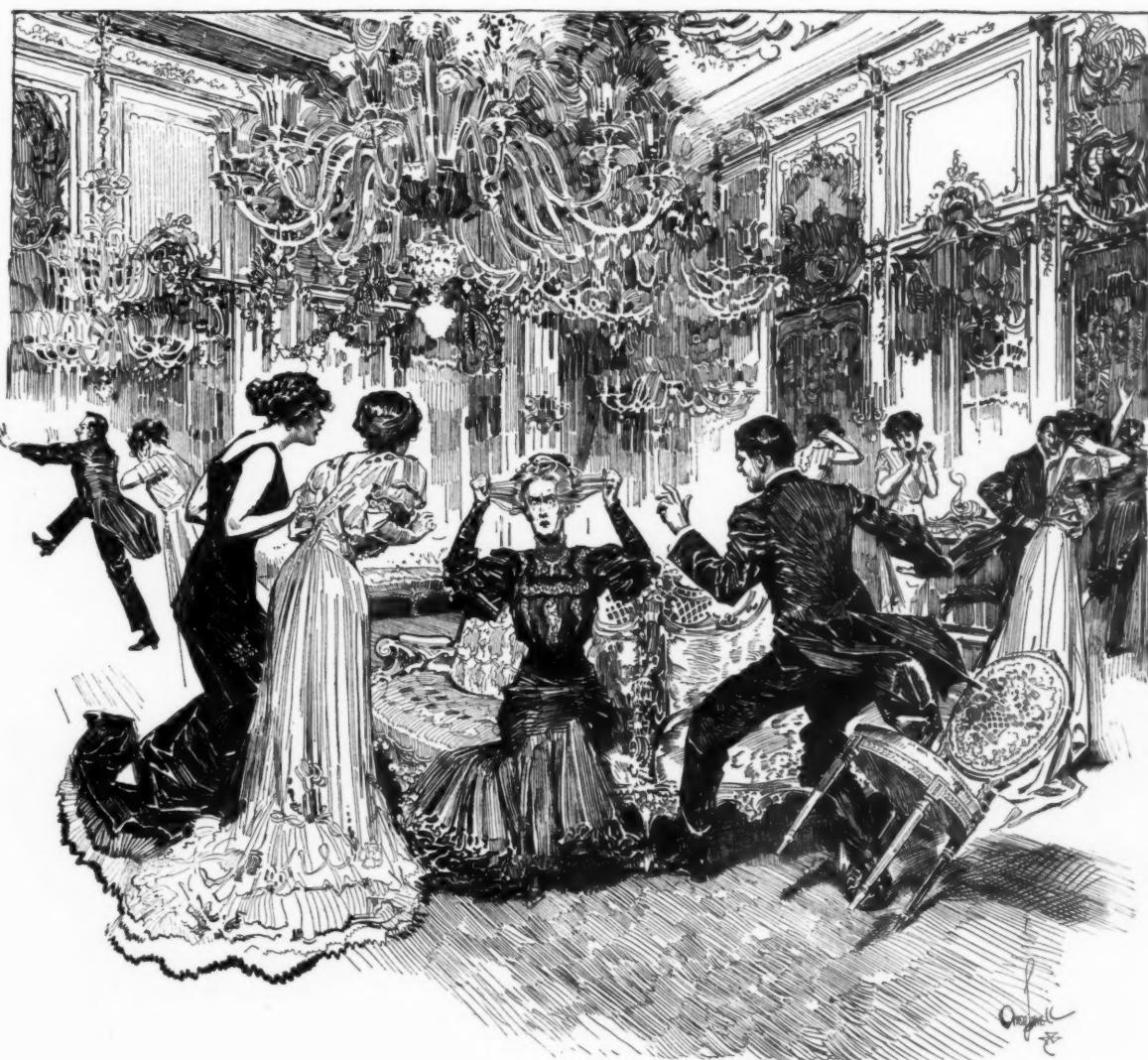
We will also put out a limited number of big seven-passenger palace cars, with fifty horsepower, for those who prefer a car of this size.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
118 Main Street **KOKOMO, INDIANA**



Top, Dust Hood, Glass Front, Presto-Light Tank, \$75.00 Warner
Auto Meter, Bosch Dual System Magneto, Robe and Foot
Rail, Gray & Davis Lamps—and All
MADE IN TOURING, SUBURBAN AND HIKER MODELS

LIFE



AMERICANS ABROAD

IT HAS JUST OCCURRED TO THE AMERICAN MAMMA THAT SHE LEFT THE GAS BURNING IN HER HOME IN PLAINFIELD, MADISON COUNTY, INDIANA

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI.

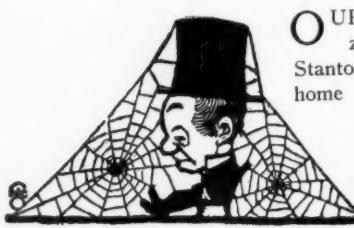
JULY 28, 1910

No 1448

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



OUR fellow citizen, Theodore Stanton, has come home from Paris, where he has lived for several years. It is time that he came; not that we have missed him, but that he has missed us and forgotten our standards of deportment. We read in the *Sun* of his bragging in a public address about the difference between his standards of behavior and ours. He said that being invited to dine at one of the college clubs in New York he invited to meet him there an hour before dinner time, a lady with whom he had something to discuss. She was admitted to see him, but because the club had no reception room for ladies, it caused embarrassment, and word was sent him that he was violating the club rules. Finally, the friend who had asked him to dinner sent him word that the invitation was withdrawn, whereat Mr. Stanton, in a speech for woman suffrage, makes public complaint and says that things are not so managed in Paris, and that men's clubs which have not reception rooms for women ought not to exist.

Of course, that may be, and Mr. Stanton is entitled to his opinion about it, but meanwhile what a very discourteous person he has shown himself to be; discourteous, first, to the lady whom he invited carelessly to a place where she could not be suitably received, and where her presence was an embarrassment; discourteous, next, to the club whose hospitalities he accepted, but refused to respect its rules.

It was time that Mr. Stanton came

home—if he was coming at all—to refresh his memory of American manners.

Some of the best clubs in the country have reception rooms and dining rooms for ladies. Some excellent New York clubs have them, but they are less common here than in the Western cities, because New York is a city of restaurants. Most of the downtown lunch clubs here have ladies' dining rooms, because delectable places to get noonday food are scarce downtown.

The main office of the men's clubs in New York is to provide salubrious asylums for ownerless men, or for husbands whose wives are out of town. The young and the unmarried they have in them always, but for the rest they fill up at dinner time in summer with husbands whose families have gone to the country, and grow emptier in the fall when families come back. The work they do is women's work—the work of taking care of men.



THAT amusing official, Mr. Secretary Ballinger, says he will not resign; not he; he is no quitter. Be it so. Perhaps if he should resign we would feel about him as the sorrowing mother did about her thoroughly spanked son, who got a fatal fall before his conduct had had a chance to show the benefits of discipline. We have taken a lot of pains with Mr. Ballinger—educated him all we knew how, revised and corrected him to the best of our abilities—and who can be sure now that the loss of him would be any gain to us?

The President lately spent a day on him at Beverly and has since withdrawn forty-three million acres of coal lands, oil lands, water power sites, phosphate lands and forest lands in Alaska that have coal deposits in them; all this on the recommendations of the Geological Survey and under authority of a new law which Mr. Taft requested Congress to pass. This looks like pretty good conservation. If Mr. Ballinger can stand the strain of it, the work which the audacious Glavis began in him must be considered to have gone on to pretty good purpose.

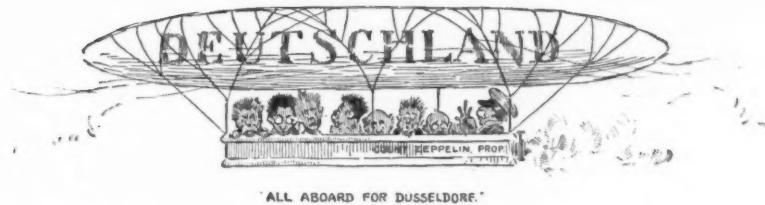
Anyhow, Mr. Ballinger, hobbled, disciplined and closely watched, may do as well by us as some one else who would not invite so close a scrutiny.



THERE is general mourning when a bird-man falls. Much too many of them have fallen lately. When a speeding automobilist comes to mortal grief, we merely say, Well, *he got his*. We feel that we can spare the speeding automobilists. Not so at all as to the bird-men. When one of them takes a final tumble we count it a loss to science and an impediment to progress.

And how hard they do fall when they do fall hard! It makes one distrustful of travel in the empyrean. It is only pretty lately, though, that folks have come to a comfortable confidence in voyaging on the deep seas. Horace felt about ships much as we do about aeroplanes; and lo! the marvelous difference even between the first Cunarder and the latest one!

A party named Walker from Minneapolis who is said to have got enormously rich in the lumber business is forecasting a business crisis to come sooner than we expect and much harder than we will like, because our importations from Europe are so large, and because of the very large annual disbursements of the travelers that we send over there. Mr. Walker has no license as a political economist, and we presume there are serious flaws in his forecast, but it is true enough that our current disbursements for one or another form of transportation at home or abroad are big beyond precedent. Money and mechanisms have so increased in this country within fifteen years that it is likely enough that our population is not yet adjusted to either, and it may take several jolts to teach us how much we can afford to go and when to sit tight. We could probably learn to stay at home if necessary, and even to like it; but meanwhile we are getting out of Europe more, probably, than Mr. Walker, of Minneapolis, appreciates, and our own land grows better and better to live in by consequence.



July



THE SPENDTHRIFT SON



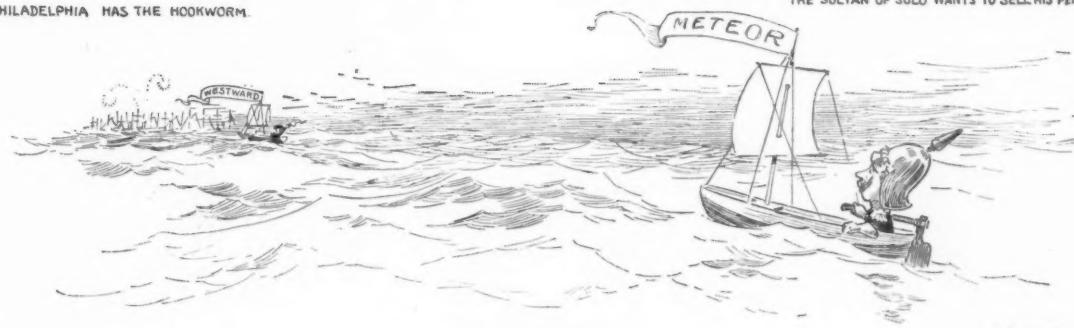
THE LAST GUESTS AT THE PARTY



PHILADELPHIA HAS THE HOOKWORM.



THE SULTAN OF SULU WANTS TO SELL HIS PEARLS



THE KAISER LOSES.

F. T. RICHARDS

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,209.15
Wm. O. Morse.....	5.00
In Memory of F. S. D.....	5.33
"A Grateful Pomerainium".....	25.00
E. R. C.....	6.00
Edward Shudley Myers {	10.00
Mrs. John Woods Myers }	10.00
"Camp Leafy Loaf".....	30.00
F. O. Rhen.....	4.99
J. G. H.....	5.09
Miss C. R. Stillman.....	10.62
S. O. C.....	10.00
A. B. Pratt.....	10.00
May, Sallie and Helen.....	20.00
Walter Minn.....	15.00
C. D. Bailey.....	10.00
Cash.....	1.00
G. H. G.....	5.00
Mrs. Charles S. Ensign, Jr.....	25.00
E. F. Cole.....	25.00
Katherine Clark Culver.....	10.00
G. R. McLane.....	10.00
"Betty Howe".....	5.00
G. H. W.....	25.00
Jessie D. Wright.....	10.00
"Hawaii".....	25.00
E. Parmly, Jr.....	5.00
"My Kiddies".....	.31
In Memory of "Oster".....	10.00
"A Newport Subscriber".....	25.00
Mrs. W. A. Hornell.....	2.50
A. W. B.....	6.00
Clarence C. Buel.....	5.00
Joseph M. Low.....	5.50
"The Fund of Simon".....	5.00
Maurice Saunders, Jr., Sister Sally and Cousins Joe and Billy.....	4.00
C. L. L.....	10.00
Emily H. Cowperthwait.....	5.00
"In Memory S. J. B.".....	1.00
	<hr/> \$4,611.31

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

A candy treat from Mr. George Pratt Ingersoll.

WE seldom get enough until we get too much.

The Newspaper

THE American newspaper is the palladium of our liberty, the source of our misinformation, the herald of our social activities, the recorder of our scandals, the depository of our kicks, the companion of our breakfast food, the expositor of our politics and the first aid to furnace and cooking stove. It ranges in quantity from the four-page skimpiness of the rural weekly to the wood-pulp tonnage of the urban Sunday horror; and its contents represents the sum total of the taste, haste, waste, scissors and paste of the editor. The quality of the cargo is very mixed and ranges from the inconsequence of Hattie Hatpin's "Household Hints for Hearth and Home" along through columns of murders, burglaries, embezzlements, earthquakes, revolutions, cooking recipes, denunciations, revelations, exposures, baseball dialects, society chit-chat, refined pugilism and so on, down to Lydia Strongarm's passionate plea for the Dethronement of Man and a thoughtful criticism of Maizie



AT LIFE'S FARM

BEING TAKEN

Muckruder's latest vocal triumph, "When Lizzie Pulled the Old Man's Leg." It matters little whether it is called news or nuisance, noise or nonsense, truth or twaddle, provided it fills space and lures advertising; a publisher in search of circulation and cash is not apt to be fussy esthetic and the editor can't be. Circulation means getting the crowd; numbers count; clamor and froth attract more attention than conviction and faith; tickle the unthinking, flatter the foolish, magnify the mediocre, dignify the dull, praise punk and preach platitudes and—circulation comes.

The value and importance of news are purely local; the standards are all parochial and provincial. The painting of fences and barns in rural Indiana is as important as the smearing of canvases in cosmopolitan New York; hog-cholera and boll-weevil may interest Arkansas and Texas, but Mrs. Belmont's vital views on varicose veins, or Mr. George Cohan's on Ibsen, will get more space and scare-heads in Manhattan. Newspapers and Chinese pictorial art are devoid of perspective and proportion, and news items like tadpoles seem to derive their dignity from the size of their heads. After long years of careful observation, we are convinced that the order of importance of the news of the day, estimating importance by the size of the head and the

illustration of the item, would rank about as follows:

1. Gladys Shriner refuses to wear tights. Portrait.
2. Society sensation. The Buggs-Biggses seeking divorce.



A LITTLE GAME OF "ROUGE ET NOIR"

3. Royalty shocked to learn King Alfonso wears paper collars.

4. Popular policeman hit by Halley's comet.

5. Well-known minister denounces Moses and praises Pharaoh. With portraits of Moses and minister.

6. Lovely Lottie Leggs loves lobsters. With illustrations of Leggs and lobster.

7. Carnegie has colic; panic in Pittsburgh.

8. Mrs. Astor's poodle kidnapped by the Black Hand.

9. Roosevelt rebukes Czar. Does it mean blood or ink?

10. Mayor Gaynor gets his hair and Hearst trimmed.

11. Victor Murdock dyes his locks. Kansas weeps.

12. Fifth Avenue society leader elopes with a Chinese actor-laundryman. Illustration of mansion and laundry.

13. Miscellaneous items: Rome destroyed. Washington burned. Tariff bill repealed. Beef Trust dissolved. Death of Rudyard Kipling, etc., etc., etc. All printed on inside pages without display.

Joseph Smith.

WE cannot but feel that as between the man who mortgages the home to buy an automobile and the man who rocks the boat there is, if not actual relationship, at least a sympathetic understanding.

SOMETIMES love flies out the window when hubby comes in at the door.



Dog: GOOD JOKE ON MARY; SHE'S NEAR-SIGHTED AND TAKES ME FOR THE DRYING RAG.



1912.—ABDICTION OF THE QUEEN REGENT
LE GRAND ROISVELTE: "LES ETATS UNIS—C'EST MOI."

The Improved Catechism

To be read, inwardly digested and often repeated by all foolish little Americans.

QUESTION. Who made the world?

Answer. Roosevelt.

Q. Who was the First Man?

A. Theodore Roosevelt.

Q. Who was the Wisest Man?

A. Governor Roosevelt.

Q. Who was the Strongest Man?

A. Elephant-Killer Roosevelt.

Q. Who was the Meekest Man?

A. Vice-President Roosevelt.

Q. Who was the Champion Boxer at Harvard?

A. Student Roosevelt.

Q. What President Couldn't Tell a Lie?

A. President Roosevelt.

Q. Who Lived Three Days in the Belly of a Whale?

A. Roosevelt, the Faunal Naturalist.

Q. Who won the Spanish-American War?

A. Rough-Rider Roosevelt.

Q. Who was the Talkiest Man?

A. Doctor Roosevelt.

Q. Who wrote the Letters of Junius?

A. Editor Roosevelt.

Q. Who killed Cock Robin?

A. Teddy.

Q. Who struck Billy Patterson?

A. The Colonel.

Q. Who Was, Is, and Always Will Be the Most Modest Man?

A. T. R.

• LIFE •



THE HAREDALE TERRIER

THE BEST POSSIBLE DOG FOR WELSH RAREBITS.



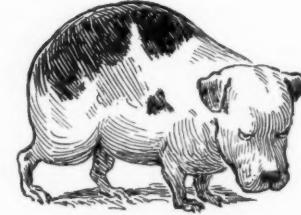
THE POODLEPUSS

INVALUABLE, AS IT DECEIVES BOTH CATS AND DOGS.



THE CATROOSTER

VERY VALUABLE ABOUT THE BARN, AS RATS AND MICE ARE DECEIVED, THINKING IT A HEN.



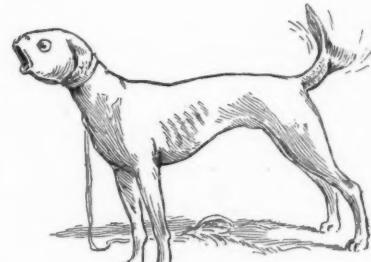
THE GUINEADOG

AFFECTIONATE CHILDREN'S PET. SPLENDID FOR BREEDING PURPOSES.



THE SACHET KITTEN, OR SKUNKET

SPLENDID LITTLE ANIMAL FOR DRIVING AWAY INTRUDERS; ALSO WILL ANNIHILATE ANY ODOR.



THE FISHHOUND

NO SPORTSMAN CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT A FISHHOUND. THIS ANIMAL WILL FOLLOW A FISH FOR MILES, IN OR OUT OF WATER.



HE first assistant specialist in the Torture Invention Department presented himself one bright, warm morning in front of his Satanic Majesty.

"Sire," he said, perspiring, "I have invented an entirely new thing—for certain women."

"What is the plan?"

"Unique and effective. I first take a woman and give her nothing to do."

"Admirable. That alone is worth the price of admission," said His Majesty satirically.

"I then instill into her mind a secret and terrible desire to have children, and a supreme selfishness which makes her shrink from all the consequences. Maternal instinct versus ease and comfort and all that sort of thing."

"Lovely contrast."

"Isn't it. Whipsawing. Then I surround her with slaves—who impose upon her at every opportunity."

"Umph! Does she know that they secretly despise her?"

"Oh, certainly. She knows it, and she is obliged to ignore it."

"Ah—that's rather good."

"Then I keep making her change her clothes. All the time. Fitting, lacing, tightening. She just can't help it. Eternally dissatisfied, always envying some one else and hoping that the next thing will do. I flatter myself that this

is delicately and insistently torturing."

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, proceed."

"I next instill into her an abnormal appetite for food. This tends to make her fat. Fat is her horror. She has nothing to do but eat, and all sorts of dishes are constantly before her. Yet if she does eat she becomes fatter and fatter. Eh? How's that? Your able mind will perceive the continuous mental and physical distress."

"Please don't define the thing. Just give the facts. Go on."

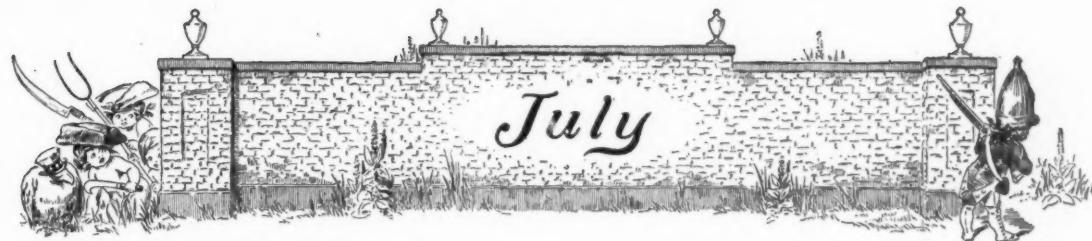
"Well, I fill her with a restlessness. Oh, I can hardly describe that restlessness. It is beautiful. It keeps her up night and day. She is always going, going, never satisfied, filled with envy, wondering whether she cannot find something new and ever being disappointed. Then there are some little touches of my own. For example, I have thought of a plan of making her wear hair, mountains of hair, and of—"

His Satanic Majesty waved him off with a gesture of disdain.

"My boy," he said, "I really had hopes of you, but this won't do at all."

"Don't you like it?"

"Why, you red-headed cinder, don't you know that you are about fifty years behind the times. You must have been reading the associated press dispatches. Go and take a radium bath and see if you can't get some of the cobwebs out of your brain."



Ode to a Sunday Newspaper

THIS is the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Felled by the axe of the woodsman (who also hews down the spruces),
Yell like a band of Comanches, with voices shrill and insistent,
Yell like suffragettes, who raucously cry for the ballot.
Loud from his leathern armchair the week-worn *pater familias*
Speaks, and in accents peremptory asks for his share of the forest.



Is it Wise to Turn This

Into This to Make

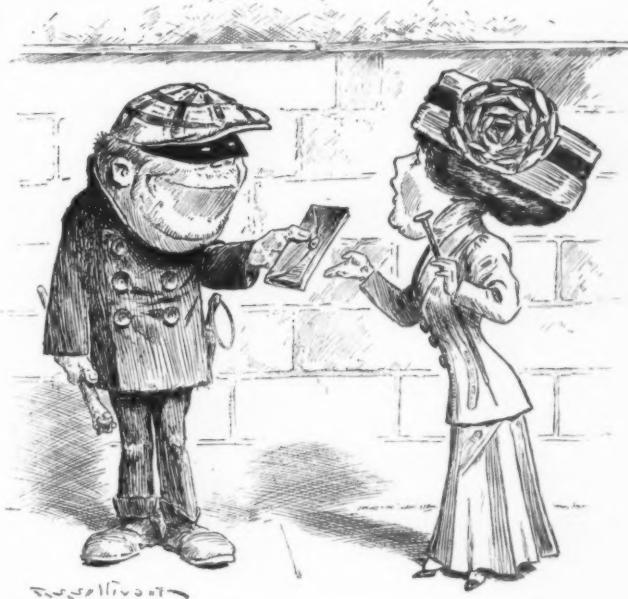
This?
—From LIFE.

This is the forest primeval, ground into wood-pulp and paper;
List how the leaves of it rustle like to the oak of Dodona,
Like to the Sibyline whispers of wonderful things and prophetic.
Here may we learn how a murder was recently neatly committed,
How a "society lady" is soon to elope with her chauffeur;
Here we may see from the pictures—posed by an opera singer—
How the worn mother of seven may look like her rosiest daughter;
Nor is the actress forgotten, she who performs in the chorus;
Here is her picture resplendent, surely a boost for the drama,
She and her dog and her motor, and also the duke she will marry;
Nor are the children neglected, bless their dear little fancies!
Pictures for them, that are printed in colors glaring and painful,
Telling cheap stories of mischief such as a drummer might relish.
But what are these that are falling, tree upon tree of the forest?
Can it be? Yes, it is, surely! These are the advertisements!
Just for a dollar a week you may purchase a villa in Flatbush,
Furniture's going at cost, and as for the prices of night-gowns—

Well, you may get you a dozen and still buy a cure for consumption.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the things worth the reading?
Lost in the umbrage of headlines, hid in the jungles of drive! This is the forest primeval; but where are the streams that beneath it
Gathered to water the plains and the land that give us our foodstuffs?
Where are the stretches of verdure that climbed up our noblest of mountains,
Glad'ning our hearts with their beauty and saving the soil for our children?
Here lies the forest primeval, scattered and torn on the carpet;
While from his leathern armchair the week-worn *pater familias*
Snores, and in somnolent accents shows what he thinks of the business.

WHAT makes Gillet so sad?
He has a subway income and an aeroplane wife.



"TAKE BACK YER PURSE, LADY. YOUSE HAS GOT MORE USE FER A BUTTON-HOOK AN' A POWDER PUFF DAN WHAT I HAVE."



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Born July 29, 1869

Mr. Tarkington is a successful author and playwright. He has written *A Gentleman from Indiana* and part of *The Man from Home*. He has also written other books which entitle him to fame. He has lived in Paris for some time.

Mr. Tarkington is a good story teller and a conscientious literary workman. He has done well.

Sir, we congratulate you upon your birth, and trust that your continuance upon this mundane globe will be long a matter of joy to your contemporaries.



GEORGE WASHINGTON GOETHALS

Born July 29, 1858

Colonel Goethals is the chief engineer in charge of the Panama Canal. He was chief of engineers during the Spanish and American War. We wonder how many people know this?

Engineering on a large scale is one of the most fascinating and poetic of amusements. Its plots are intricate. Its art is fundamental. Its technique is unanswerable. Let us honor on this day one of its chief representatives!



ROBERT JONES BURDETTE

Born July 30, 1844

To be a distinguished humorist and a distinguished clergyman at the same time is a combination not open to many mortal men to achieve. Whether Mr. Burdette became a humorist after having been a Baptist or whether after being a humorist he felt the need of religious backing is not known. We do not know him so well as a Baptist as we do as a humorist, and we can only say that if he is as good a Baptist as he is a humorist the good Lord need have no complaints.

Mr. Burdette established his reputation on the *Burlington Hawkeye*, and made that paper quoted from one end of the country to the other. Later he was the humorist on the *Brooklyn Eagle*. His humorous lecture, "The Rise and Fall of the Moustache," is still a joy to contemplate. He never made the mistake made by some of his contemporary humorists of being vulgar, his work always being refined, and with it all exceedingly funny.

Sir, we smile to think that you are still with us. May you long continue!



Philosophers and Philosophy

PHILOSOPHY is a short cut to knowledge. Being a short cut to knowledge philosophy is nothing at all, because there is no short cut to knowledge.

A philosopher is a man who thinks that if he finds out a certain thing which nobody else has ever found out, he will be able to find out everything else without looking. Therefore, he spends his life looking for that one certain thing, and thereby overlooks everything else. Accordingly, a perfect

philosopher knows nothing at all. Happily the world has never yet been burdened with a perfect philosopher. There are, however, a good many imperfect philosophers floating around who are interesting to associate with directly, as they follow philosophy not as a vocation but as an avocation.

Ellis O. Jones.

Autos Must Not Smoke

THE arguments against the new ordinance prohibiting motor cars from throwing out smoke in the streets of New York only proves the timeliness of the law. One dealer says that it amounts, practically, to prohibition of demonstration of new autos, because the new autos when first taken out are stiff and need lots of oil, and make much smoke in consequence. But that merely argues that the streets of a crowded city are not a suitable place for new autos to limber up in; which is true.

Another complainant says that the thousand taxicabs that run about in the streets of New York make nine-tenths of the smoke, because their chauffeurs don't look after them properly, and blames the new ordinance for making the private motor cars suffer for the sins of the taxicabs. But how get after the taxicabs without an ordinance against smoking? If the ordinance constrains the taxis to cleanly habits, it will greatly improve the atmosphere of the city, and won't affect such private autos as are clean already.

The new ordinance is a necessity. If it is reasonably enforced it will do much good. New York was not made for the auto but the auto for New York. Live and let live must be the chauffeur's motto, that his days may be long in the land and his fines rare. The current taxicab is like a puppy that has not been housebroken. It has much to learn and will learn it, and will go on being the thing of joy it is, but will cease to be a nuisance.



Mrs. Kangaroo: ARE YOU GOING ABROAD THIS SUMMER?
Molly Cottontail: OH, I NEVER EXPECT TO GO AWAY AGAIN,
IT IS SO HARD TRAVELING EVEN WITH MY SMALL FAMILY.



SISYPHUS TAFT

Improving Central Park

"IT'S time," said Mr. Hustler, "to remodel Central Park; At present it's as out-of-date as Noah and his ark. 'Do I know what it ought to be?' you ask. Well, I should smile! It ought to be a real park, equipped in modern style.

"Eight hundred acres, I believe, and not a single place Where one can hear a phonograph or see a motor race; Meadows and lawns with not a thing upon them but some grass—

The man who laid out such a park was nothing but an ass!

"Rambles and pools and woodlands—why such lonely, silent things?

I'd sweep them all away, and have a circus with three rings, A shoot-the-chutes, a loop-the-loops, a row of peanut stands, And dancing floors with music from relays of German bands.

"I'd build some thrilling switchbacks and a ten-cent Trip to Mars,

With soda-fountains by the score, and restaurants, and bars; Balloon ascensions every hour, and moving-picture shows; Casinos with all sorts of games, from craps to dominoes.

"If any space was left, I'd build a mammoth stadium, To which the college football teams and baseball nines could come;

Or else I'd put up drill-sheds for our gallant soldier boys, And rifle-ranges—that would help to make a cheerful noise.

"It's quite a handsome piece of land, and well located, too; With such a tract to work upon I'd show what I could do. You wouldn't know old Central Park, so different it would be, If you had some good business man to run the place—

like me!"

R. H. Titherington.

Item: Ten Thousand

HE man in the bungalow first pulled down the curtains; then he went over to the table, counted out ten one-thousand-dollar bills, and, placing them in a large envelope, stooped down, took a stone out of the hearth, and putting the envelope underneath, replaced it. After he had done this he tried all of the windows to see that they were secure, opened the front door, closed and locked it. He put the key in his pocket and walked off down the path toward the village. The train had just come in and he was going for the mail and the afternoon papers.

He had scarcely disappeared around the turn in the path before another man, who had been hiding behind the rear of the bungalow, made his way out into view and followed the first man.

The bungalow appeared to be deserted. A bird hopped up on the porch. A squirrel ran across the trellis in front. Then there was a light step.

A young girl, active and lithe and very pretty, suddenly slipped into view, coming from one of the hidden paths in the woods. She went quickly up to the door, slipped the key she had into the lock, and entered. She opened a drawer in the desk, turned over the papers on the table and then, first looking around, stood for a moment in thought.



Suddenly her eye fell on the hearth. She leaned over, raised the stone and took out the envelope, slipped it into her dress and stood there irresolute. Then she went over to the desk and snatching up a piece of paper wrote as follows:

"DEAREST: I have taken it. I read of the loss in the paper and heard papa say they suspected you. I opened the door with my key and found it in our letter-box. I am going to tell them—"

She paused. Then she leaned her head on her hand and thought. Finally she tore the note in two, put it in her dress with the envelope and locking the door behind her disappeared along the path.

Nearly an hour passed. But at last the man came back. His hands were full of papers, which he had been reading. His face was worn and desperate.

He opened the door, went in, sat down and stared through the space left by the half-open door. Then he remembered that the curtains were still down. He rose to lift them. As he did so the other man stood in the doorway.

"I've got you," he said, advancing.

"Who are you, and how have you got me?"

"You stole ten thousand dollars on Monday from the firm of Mecatur & Co. You were their cashier. You took a check for ten thousand left there by a customer to pay a bill, and instead of depositing it to their credit on your books made a false entry and got the money from the bank. You took the money and brought it here. An hour ago I saw you deposit it under the hearth—there. It is there now. You are under arrest."

"How did you find this out?"

"Mr. Mecatur put me on the case the next morning. You did not know that you were suspected, or that the money had been missed. It came out by accident, as the customer happened to meet him on the train and remarked he had paid the bill. You doubtless intended to repay the money before it was known. I shadowed you here to your bungalow and saw you leave the money—there."

At that moment another figure appeared in the doorway. It was that of Mr. Mecatur.

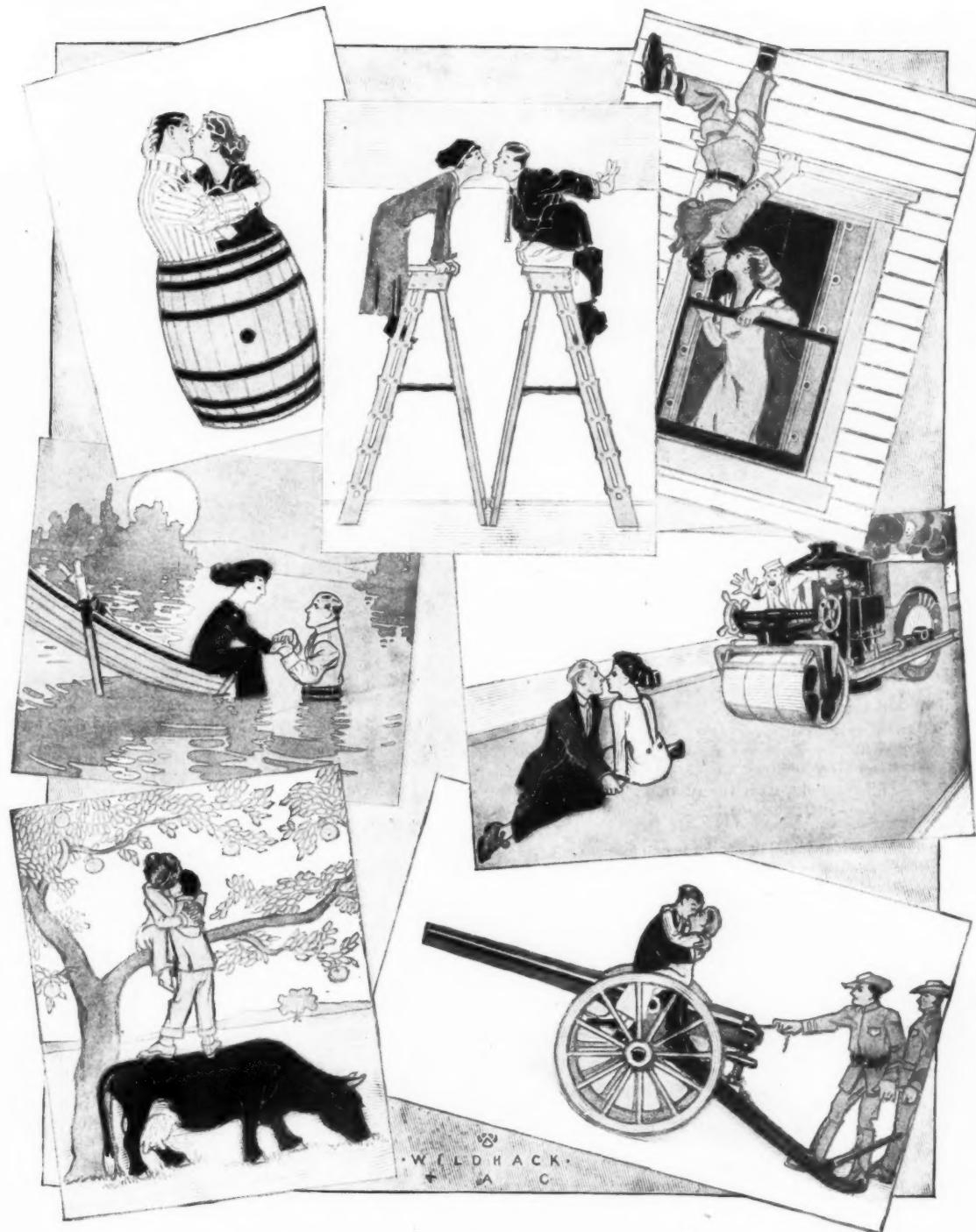
"Caxton," he said sternly, "I didn't believe this of u—I can scarcely believe it yet." He motioned to the detective to step outside. The man obeyed, standing within reach on the porch.

"It's hard for me to believe," went on Mr. Mecatur, "that the young fellow I have had in my employ so long should be guilty of such an act. And especially the man who was in love with my daughter. The fact that I refused to allow you to pay her attention I presume has probably been too much for you, and you thought if you could get enough money together you might speculate and double or treble it. Oh, it's the same old story; it happens right along. Why, boy, if you had but waited and given me time to advance you and tested you a little more, you could probably have won the prize; but you were in too much of a hurry, you wanted to get rich quick; you took the chance and you lost. Now you will land in jail. My boy, I am sorry for you. What made you do it? Didn't I allow you to put up this little bungalow so that you could run around a little in summer and keep yourself free from temptations? Was it Wall Street? Can't you see that road is ruin? The detective says he saw you place the money—where? Officer!"

The detective came in.

"It's under that stone," he said. "I saw him put it there just before he locked up and went down to the post-office."

(Continued on page 146)



SOME NEW SITUATIONS FOR THE 'KISSING PICTURE'



Friend: I SAY, ONE OF YOUR CLOCKS IS SLOW AND THE OTHER'S FAST.

Young Lawyer: YES, I START WORK BY THE SLOW ONE AND STOP BY THE OTHER.

"Will you get it?"

The detective went over and lifted up the stone. He started back.

"Why, it's gone!" he exclaimed. "Impossible! He hasn't been out of my sight. The place has been locked up."

The young man they had accused leaned back heavily, his hand on the desk. He had noticed while they were talking that the drawer of that desk was pulled out. He knew someone must have been there in his absence, but he knew no more than they until—

"Papa!" called a voice.

A young girl stood once more in the door.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "I ran all the way to catch you. You must have come straight from the train. This morning I saw it in the papers—and you have been accusing him!"

Her father stopped her.

"This young man," he said dryly, "the man we trusted, took ten thousand dollars the other day, and we—"

"At my request."

"At your request?"

"Yes, papa."

"Explain yourself."

She smiled.

"It is quite easy, I assure you. I asked him to lend me ten thousand dollars. I told him that he must do it. I wanted to buy a diamond necklace with it that I was afraid you would not let me have, and I told him if he would lend me the money I would marry him. I didn't realize what I was doing, papa. It was my fault. I tempted him. Do you not believe me?"

She put her hand in her breast and drew forth an envelope.

"Here, papa, is the money."

In the Suburb

WHAT beautiful public building is that?"

"That isn't a public building. It's old man Savitt's summer cottage."

"And whose neat little cottage is that over there with the tower on it? That little one-story frame affair."

"That isn't a cottage. It's the First Episcopal Church."

Seen By the Sea

HER bathing dress
Is made of less
Than two and forty inches,

So browned and tanned
Upon the sand
She sits, far from the water,

To make a hit
The snuggest fit
She wears, altho' it pinches.

With hearts ablaze
Her suitors gaze
On Neptune's fair young
daughter.

WOMEN who want a vote are generally those who cannot get a voter.

How Fast Mankind Is Getting Acquainted!

COUNT in the moving pictures among the most notable of modern innovations. We have seen them begin, and we have seen them spread everywhere, but their decline and fall-off is not in sight yet, and does not even invite prediction. They have about them a news-imparting quality which may make them a permanent part of the apparatus of modern civilization. All the great shows are now reproduced in moving pictures. For ten cents a look, or more or less, we have seen King Edward's funeral and Colonel Roosevelt's reception. We can study a prize-fight in comfort and at small cost, and watch adventurous Yankees rope wild and raging lions in South Africa. To folks who can't afford to travel the foreign pictures are extremely edifying.

Most of the great recent inventions work to overcome space and make the people of the earth better acquainted. To that end work the bicycle, the telephone, the trolley car, the automobile, the talking machines, the moving pictures, the wireless telegraph and the aeroplanes and dirigibles. The electric light might as well be included, because it helps us to see what is going on. All these things are working, each in its particular way, to make this wired-up planet a neighborhood, and they seem to be accomplishing it mighty fast.

THERE is no domestic circle without its sharp corners.



Little Girl: YOU NEEDN'T BRAG. WE'VE GOT A BABY AT OUR HOUSE, TOO.

"YES, BUT YOURS IS A LAST YEAR'S BABY. OURS IS THE VERY LATEST STYLE."



THE LADY INSPECTORS FIND THE SUSPECTED SMUGGLER TO BE MISS RUTH ST. SMITH, THE SNAKE CHARMER

Etiquette of the House-party

RULES FOR GUESTS

ALWAYS be late at dinner. By coming in after every one else is seated you create more of a stir and can show off your gown to better advantage.

Do not use the cream puffs for toilet purposes; the sugar upon them is meant to be licked and the puffs themselves will last indefinitely if properly chewed.

Each guest is expected to help himself to the floral decorations. Better be downstairs early so as to secure the pick.

As for souvenirs—take everything that isn't tacked down. You may need an extra trunk when it comes time to pack; in which case, have the servants procure you one of the hostess's.

Be nice to the servants. Tell them they do entirely too much work for the money, and make them just as dissatisfied as you possibly can. You may need them yourself later.

It will save your hostess worry if you arrange to have the chauffeur take his orders from you. He will end by doing

this, anyway, and it is better to have a complete understanding from the first.

Don't neglect to bring your pets along. If your hostess is a cat fancier bring your large mastiff. She will be charmed, as he can play with the angora kittens. If she is inclined to have "nerves," bring your pet parrot; he will chirp her up wonderfully.

Use the long-distance 'phone as much as possible. Toll, of course, should be charged to the hostess.

Small articles, such as handkerchiefs,

may be washed out in your room. Dried upon mirrors and windows, they make a fine decorative frieze.

If you are a singer, and are requested to sing, give them what they expect—the third degree. "Bluebelle," "Bedia," "Mandy Lane" and "The Good Old Summertime"—any of these are good; but if your grievance is a personal one try grand opera.

Finally, if you are a man, don't kiss the maids—the hostess might get jealous.

Robert E. Innis.

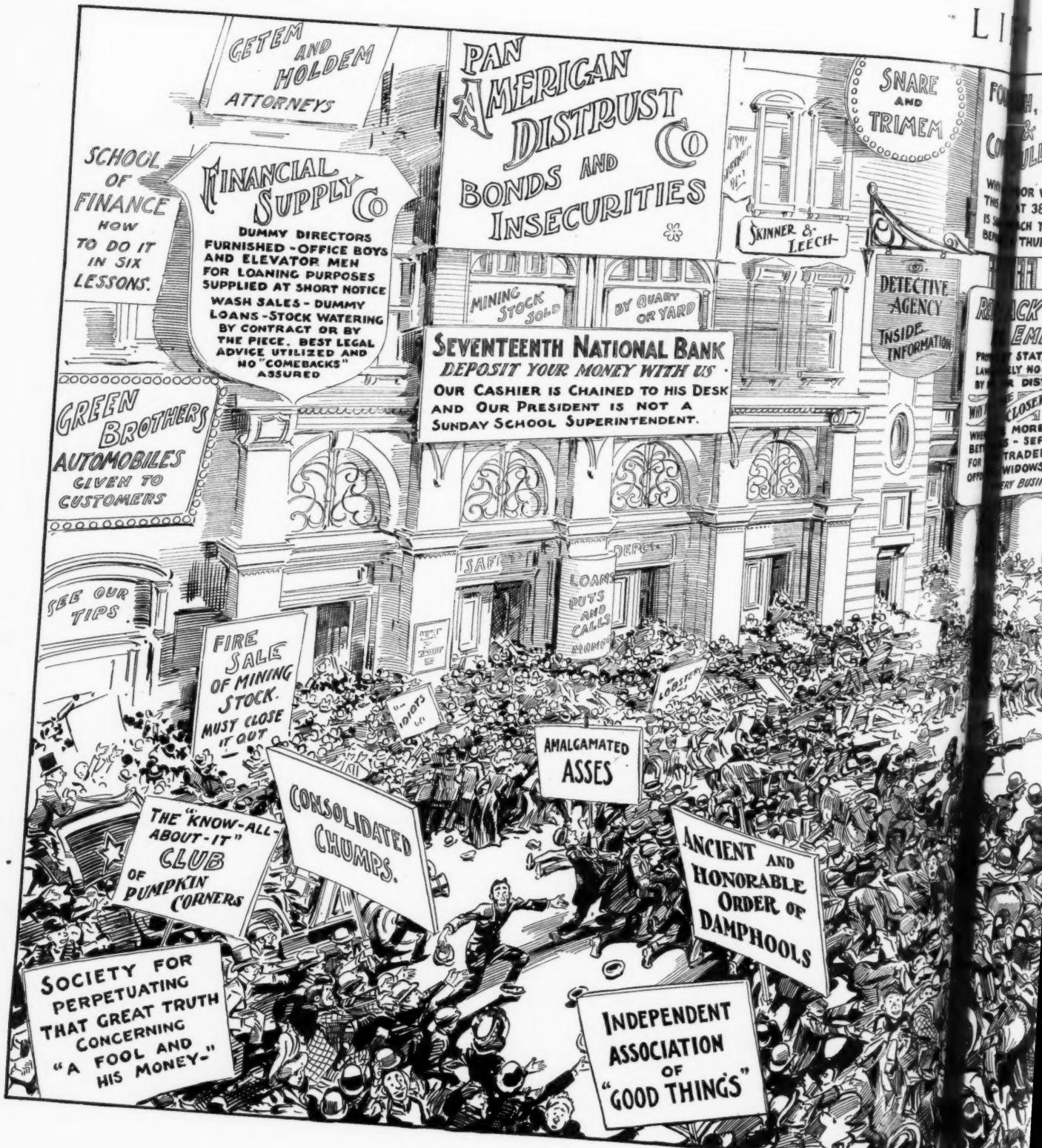
How Life Looks

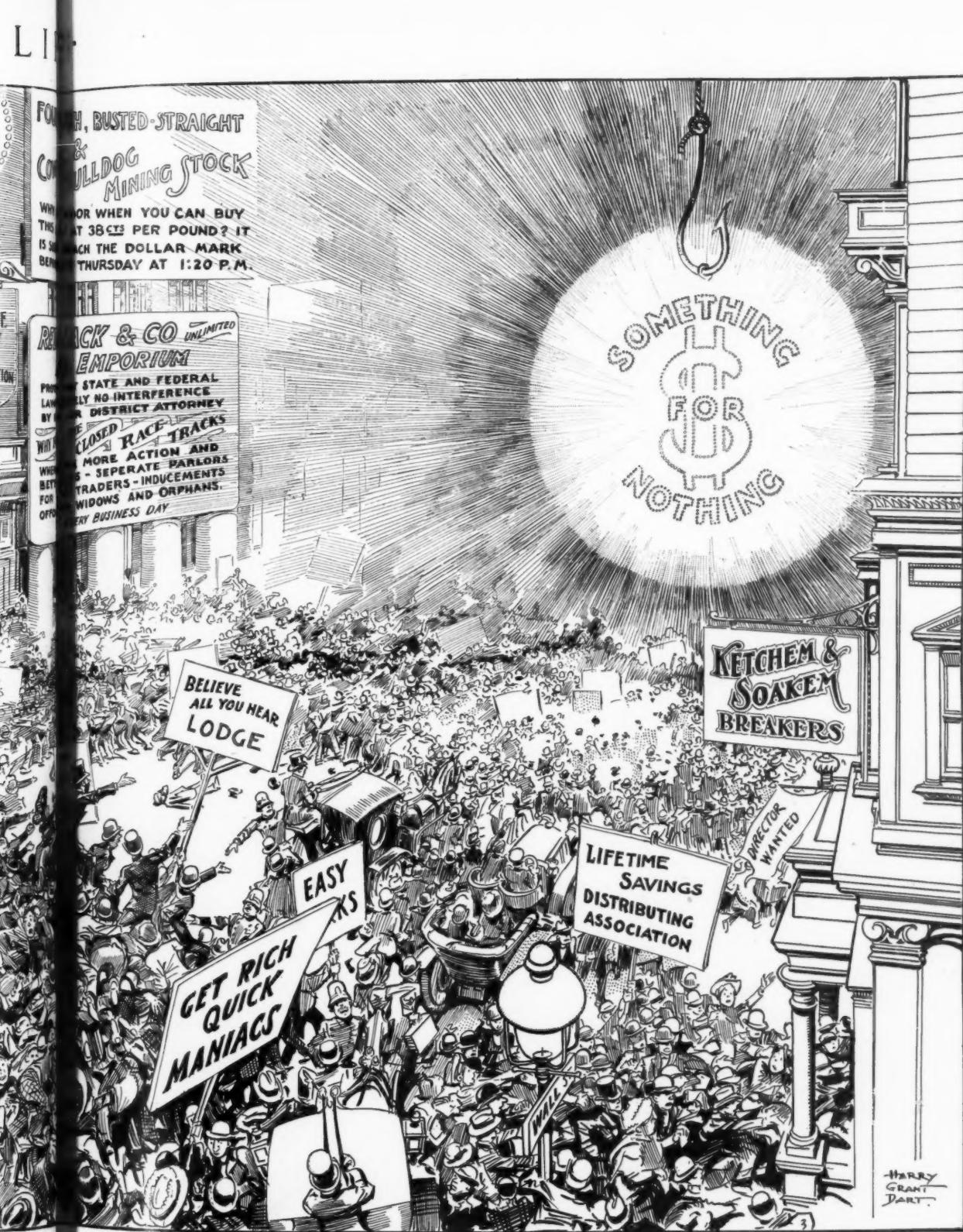
TO PESSIMIST

Keep out.
Dangerous.
No smoking.
No admission.
Beware of the dog.
Keep off the grass.
Elevator not running.
Don't feed the animals.
Trespassers will be prosecuted.
Not responsible for hats and coats.

TO OPTIMIST

Come in.
Take one.
No, collection.
Admission free.
You are invited.
Strangers welcome.
Ask for free sample.
No trouble to show goods.
Let us "feather the nest."
Money back if not satisfied.





BOOKS



A year or so ago, when *The Inner Shrine* was offered to a hungry public, it was not only made the special *plat du jour*

Takes a peculiarly complacent epicure to appreciate the taste of creamed veal in a deviled crab. This apparently irrelevant remark is prompted by the difficulty one finds in deciding (not for dogmatic announcement but for one's own satisfaction) as to whether *The Wild Olive* (Harper, \$1.50) is really a better yarn than *The Inner Shrine*, or whether it only seems better because it does not come to us under false pretenses. Of course, pragmatically speaking, it doesn't matter. The result is the same in either case. And of course it doesn't much matter, anyway, because, to modify the favorite formula of a more fatalistic philosophy, "it will be all the same in a hundred days." But the question has a certain psychologic interest.

on the menu of a well-known literary restaurateur, but was listed as deviled crab from the hand of an unnamed chef of the most bluely beribboned variety. And when one came to taste it, it was made of veal! Result: a popular verdict that deviled crab was a nice dish and an epicurean verdict of "stung again!" And now, when we are offered "The Wild Olive," by the author of *The Inner Shrine*, we think we know what sort of dish we are about to partake of. But once more we are wrong. For that which we are redesignably expectant of finding imitation crab-meat turns out (is it really better than the other, or does it only seem so?) to be a rather succulent preparation of spiced veal. Blessed are they that expect nothing, for once in a while they shall be agreeably disappointed.

IT is a long time since I looked into a school geography, but if these adjuncts to primary education are kept up-to-date they ought to add to the old lists of products of the Malay Peninsula and the archipelagoes of the adjacent seas—the lists of copra and pearls and hemp and such—the items of mystery tales and exotic stories of adventure. And Mr. Henry Milner Rideout, whose *The Twisted Foot* (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.20) has just appeared, is by the way of becoming prominent in the production of these commodities. Oddly enough Mr. Rideout was once a quiet grower of short stories of promising quality and North Atlantic proclivities; but chancing, like the people in *The Arabian Nights*, to invest an imaginative windfall in a far venture called *The Siamese Cat*, and presumably making a lucky voyage of it, he has been trading in Asiatic waters ever since. *The Twisted Foot* is a tale of what one may describe as jointed, or *Globe-Wernicke*, mystery. That is to say, that between the base of its beginning and the coping of its denouement, there are added as many sections of prolongation as the author has chosen to insert. And while this method of construction may sound a little wobbly, it will be found sufficiently effective in practice; allowing those who choose to take the whole course of curiosity deferred and those who tire to turn from any point of fresh departure to the final chapter of explanation without loss of continuity.

J. B. Kerfoot.



THAT POINT OF VIEW

"THE GREAT FAULT WITH YOU, MR. OWL, IS YOU TRY TO EXPRESS IDEAS IN YOUR PICTURES. NOW, THAT'S ALL WRONG—YOU SHOULD PAINT FOR PAINTING'S SAKE. AM I RIGHT, MR. GOOSE?"

Goose: SUREST THING YOU KNOW.



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

The Book of Daniel Drew. A pseudo autobiography rascally constructed by Bouk White from fragments of an original diary.

Essays on Modern Novelists, by William Lyon Phelps. Interesting literary criticism by a progressive Puritan.

Fortune, by J. C. Snaith. Falstaffian adventures in mediæval Castile. An engaging mixture of romance and irony.

The History of Mr. Polly, by H. G. Wells. A whimsical sociological character sketch and an amusingly original story.

George Meek, Bath Chair-man, by Himself. With an introduction by H. G. Wells. Notice later.

The Isle of Whispers, by E. Lawrence Dudley. A continuous performance of purposeless piracy.

The Master Girl, by Ashton Hilliers. A highly imaginative but entertaining romance of the stone age.

Men and Dogs, by Henry C. Merwin. A booklet sure to appeal to dog lovers.

My Friend the Indian, by James McLaughlin. Interesting reminiscences of personal and official intercourse with the Sioux.

Nathan Burke, by Mary S. Watts. Post-pioneer society in the Middle West vividly portrayed in a leisurely and attractive story.

Predestined, by Stephen French Whitman. A striking story of New York by a young student of American life and European literature.

Recollections of a Varied Life, by George Cary Eggleston. A pleasant volume of literary reminiscence.

Simon the Jester, by W. J. Locke. An ephemeral story of pleasure.



NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT

ing quality in which Mr. Locke makes unconventional play with a conventional plot.

The Thief of Virtue, by Eden Phillpotts. The story of an unguessed secret. Elemental human nature picturesquely presented.

The Twisted Foot, by Henry Milner Rideout. See above.

The Voice in the Rice, by Gouverneur Morris. A cleverly contrived excursion into the unlikely.

Why I Am a Socialist, by Charles Edward Russell. A personal statement, always forceful and often illuminative.

The Wild Olive, by the author of *The Inner Shrine* (Basil King). See above.

The Truth About Woman

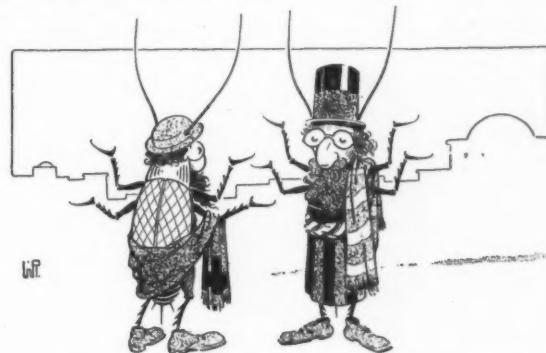
Men are not capable of telling the truth about women, or of understanding what the truth is, because they are handicapped by their sex. The few men who have managed to forget the sex part have gone to the other extreme and have damned women unduly with loud curses, as, for example, Schopenhauer and Weininger. To tell the exact truth about women is impossible for any man. There is always a chance that, while you are attempting this impossible trick, you may fall in love with the woman. No woman is so homely that this might not come to pass. Ugly women and old women have been loved by young and old men since the world began. It is impossible to account for all of the eccentricities of human passion.

If a man is questioned about women in general he will tell you in confidence that he despises them in general. They are characterless, unmoral if you will, and incapable of that sturdy kind of friendship or comradeship which men feel

for each other. To argue with them on any subject would be ridiculous. They are petty, mean, below man in stature, and—between you and me, says the man—they are ugly, from an anatomical standpoint. That is about what any man will tell you—in strict confidence.

But this man always knows one woman who is different. This particular woman is capable of any sacrifice. Her charity is unlimited. Her nursing power is marvelous. Her practical judgment is inevitable. Her forgiveness is unbounded and her taste is perfect.

This woman is always the man's mother, often his sweetheart, and sometimes his wife.



ILLUSTRATED EXCLAMATION: "JERUSALEM CRICKETS!"

• LIFE •

The Last Ditch

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

MAUD MINERVA, "one of our most prominent lady suffragettes," as she had been recently called by a "soldier of the common good," more skillful with the muck-rake than the pen, was at once the envy and admiration of her sisterettes. Young, beautiful, with a gift for oratory and organization, it was felt that there was no office in the manless government of the future to which she might not aspire. But although youthful, Maud Minerva was far from inexperienced. She had taken her degree at college, given a season or two to society, although society as a pursuit is becoming dreadfully archaic, had headed an expedition to the South Pole, and was known as a daring aviatrix.

However, these tame, domestic pleasures had been forgotten, left behind her as the toys of childhood, when the clarion call of "Votes for Women!" had first rung in her ears and the thrilling excitements, the dizzy notoriety of militant suffragetteism dawned upon her.

She had then, when our drama opened, run the gamut of militancy, from serving a term in prison to horse-whipping an obstinate legislator and stinging a leader of the opposition with a little acid. And then, at the very height of her career, while the future opened yet more dazzlingly before her, the demon, Man, crossed her path. Instead of at once recognizing him as a thing unclean, and purging her imagination of all thoughts of him, Maud Minerva had enough of the old Eve in her to take a more than passing observation of forbidden fruit. It was not difficult for her to persuade herself that her sole interest in him lay in a desire to win a new adherent to the Cause. The first downward step. Then one conversation led to another, until gradually her duties were neglected for long talks and walks with him, sometimes beneath the pernicious and persistently sentimental moon.

All at once the joyous, athletic activities of her life began to pall upon her. What meant this craving for his presence, these haunting thoughts of him by day, these dreams of him by night? Maud Minerva felt herself unable to cope with the situation, and in great mental perturbation turned to a leader of the Cause for advice and assistance.

"I have a dreadful weight upon my conscience," she said.

"Poor little girl," commented the older woman with an indulgent smile, "you have probably winged a leader of the opposition, blinded a senator, or mortally wounded a policeman, and your morbid little conscience is worrying you. Give no more thought to such peccadilloes, child. They are all in the day's work."

"It is not such trifles as those," said Maud Minerva, with a negligent gesture. She had lifted her head heroically. "I am in love."

"What! In love? You, whom I thought immune, have not escaped the influence of the demon, Man!" The elderly leader's voice fell from one tone to lower tone with a jolt and thumped on the floor. "No, no," drawing her skirts aside as Maud Minerva fell on her knees before her, "do not touch me. Be gone. I could forgive anything but that. When you have repented—perhaps—"

But Maud Minerva was not repentant. On the contrary, her obsession increased. She had been able so far to turn an apparently deaf ear to the pleadings of the demon; but she realized that her resolution was rapidly giving away.

In despair she sought a great alienist.

"Is there no way to cure me?" she asked piteously.

"My intellect informs me that he is commonplace, insignificant, plain in appearance; yet in my eyes he is more beautiful and god-like than the Apollo Belvedere. My mind tells me that he is rather heavy and stupid, but my heart insists that Plato, Socrates, Epictetes and all the rest of them never spoke such wit and wisdom as he voices."

The alienist pondered. "For such a well-defined case of infatuation as yours," he said, "there is but one cure, and that is to marry him."

Without further harrowing of the reader's feelings let it be stated that that was the end of one of the most promising suffragette careers in the country. Perhaps the full extent of the tragedy may be realized when these words of Maud Minerva's, overheard on her wedding journey, are set down:

"I shall always obey everything you say, ducky. And you will let me sew on your buttons and darn your socks, won't you, dear? And may I try to cook in our dear, little home? And you will forget and forgive my dreadful past, won't you, darling?"

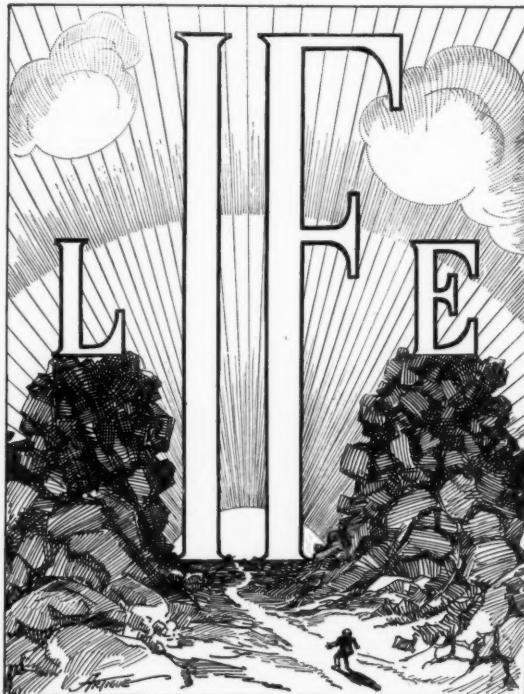
Weighed In

PICKING up a sharp knife from the meat stand the customer extends it to the butcher with the remark:

"I haven't any use for it, but you may cut it off, and I'll take it along, anyhow."

"Cut what off?" gasps the astonished butcher.

"Your hand. You weighed it with the roast, you know, and I want all I pay for."



THE GREAT IF IN LIFE



AS REQUIRED BY LAW

Now It's Roosters

FOWL'S BITE KILLS WOMAN

FIRST KNOWN CASE OF RABIES FROM SUCH A SOURCE

BYRNE MAWR, Pa., June 22.—Mrs. Gertrude Crompton, of Philadelphia, died at the Bryn Mawr Hospital here, according to the physicians, from rabies. The woman had been bitten at her home several days ago by a large rooster, and this is the first time in medical annals that rabies is known to have developed from the bite of a fowl.—*Niagara Falls Gazette*.

O H, that's nothing.

"Medical Annals" and Pasteur are not "phazed" by such trifles. That rooster should have been sent to the Pasteur Institute the day he was married. Probably he was bitten on a hot day by some child who had once owned a dog. You must always get back to a dog in these hydrophobia cases.

Ex. Doc.

MY son, I've traveled round the world
And many maids I've met:
There are two kinds you should avoid—
The blonde and the brunette.

LOTS of people have to tell what they are going to do, or they would have nothing to tell.

Teaching

THE chief mistake that teachers make is in assuming that people want to be taught. From this it is easy to make the correlative mistake of assuming that the people want to be taught the same things that the teachers know. This leads to the third mistake, that what teachers know about some things is more important than what other people know about other things.

Accordingly, teachers are content to accumulate a few traditional items of knowledge, such as the date of the battle of Hastings, the color of Charlemagne's hair, the discoverer of the Monroe Doctrine and the function of the Greek accusative.

That's why teachers are so poorly paid. They will continue to be poorly paid until they learn that the people do not want to be taught. When the teachers learn that they will proceed to mind their own business. To mind their own business properly will require the gathering of facts which have a bearing on modern life. When the people see that the teachers are minding their own business they will come around and want to know how it is done. All of which merely brings us back to the fact that example is better than precept.

Ellis O. Jones.



Historic Fun

SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS EXAMPLES
OF ALL AGES NOW GATHERED TO-
GETHER AND PRESENTED FOR
THE FIRST TIME TO THE
READERS OF "LIFE"



Metempsychosis

I.

I distinctly remember (and who dares doubt me?)
Having been (now I care not who believes!)
An ape with a forest around about me—
Prodigious trees and enormous leaves,
Great bulks of flowers, gigantic grasses,
Boughs that bent not to any gale:
And thence I date my contempt for asses,
And my deep respect for the Devil's Tail!

II.

I shall never forget the exquisite feeling
Of elevation, sans thought, sans care,
When I twisted my tail around the wood's bough-ceiling,
And swung, meditatively, in the air—
There's an advantage! Fairer shapes can
Aspire, yearn upward, tremble and glow,
But, by means of their posterity, apes can
Look down on aspirants that walk below!

III.

There was a life for a calm philosopher,
Self-supplied with jacket, and trousers, and socks,
Nothing to learn, no hopes to get cross over,
A head that resisted the hardest knocks,
Liquor and meat in serene fruition,
A random income from taxes free,
No cares at all, and but one ambition—
To swing by the Tail to the bough of a tree!

IV.

Whence I firmly believe, to the consternation
Of puppies who think monkeyosophy sin,
In gradual human degeneration
And a general apely origin.
Why, the simple truth's in a nutshell or thimble,
Though it rouses the monkey in ignorant elves;

And the Devil's Tail is a delicate symbol

Of apehood predominant still in ourselves.

V.

Pure class government, family glory,
Were the delights of that happy lot;
My politics were serenely Tory,
And I claim'd old descent from God
knows what:
Whence I boast extraction loftier, nobler,
Than the beggarly Poets one often meets,
A boast I am happy to share with the cobbler
Who whisked his Tail out—to whip John Keats.

VI.

There was a life, I assever! With reasons
That lead me to scorn every star-gazing Ass;
And because I loved it, at certain seasons,
'Tis a pleasure to gaze in the looking-glass.
When the bright sun beckons in the spring, green-deckt, up
The ape swells within me; whenever I see
Mortals look skyward, walking erect
up,
I long for a Tail and a large strong Tree!

—Robert Buchanan, b. 1841.

Benjamin Disraeli

(Aphorisms.)

The critic is a man who failed in literature or in art.

One cannot ask any person to meet another in one's own house without going through a sum of moral arithmetic.

When a man falls in his anecdote, it is a sign for him to retire.

The gentleman was distinguished for ignorance; for he had only one idea, and that was wrong.

—“Novels and Speeches.”



FRIENDLY PRESCRIPTION

Fiend in human shape: “Don't feel well! Try a cigar!”

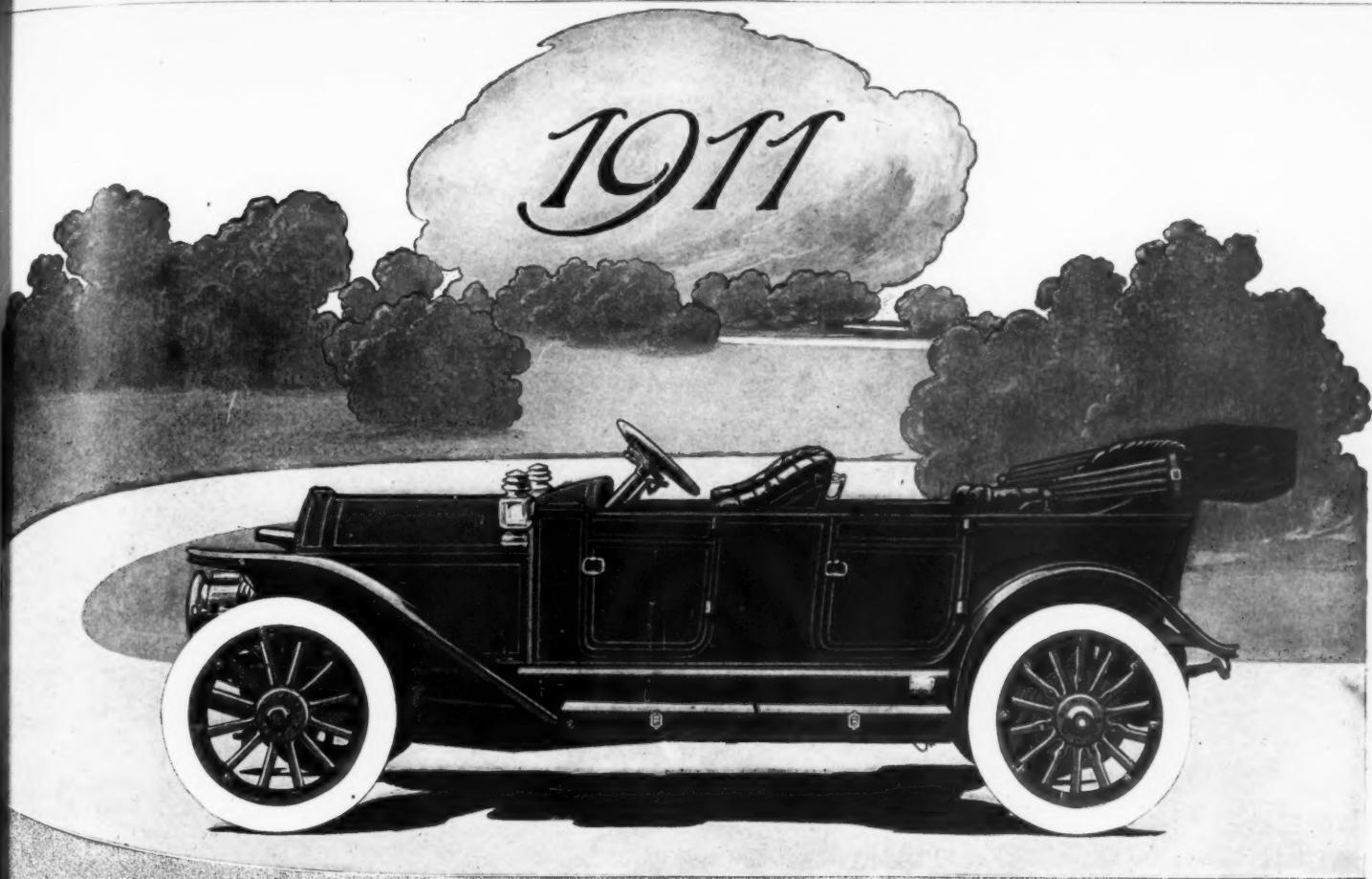
—From John Leech's Famous Pictures in “Punch.”

Effective

Sir George Staunton used to relate a characteristic anecdote of Kien Long, Emperor of China. He inquired of Sir George the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When his Majesty was made to comprehend what the practice was, he exclaimed: “Can any man in England afford to be ill? Now I will inform you,” said he, “how I deal with my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed, and a certain weekly salary is allowed to them, but the moment I am ill that salary is stopped till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illness is never of any long continuance.”—Seward's “Anecdotes.”

Short Measure

An actor, notorious for his love of beer, sailed for India. “He was a good fellow,” said Thackeray, “take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again!”



"Stoddard-Dayton"

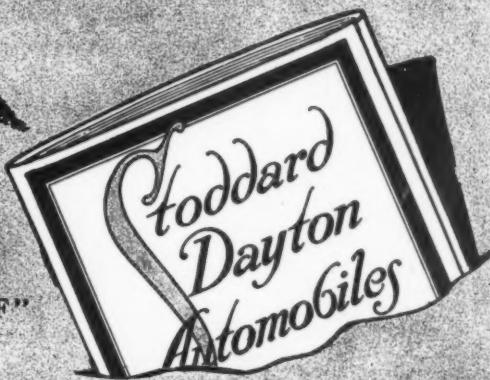
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Booklet "F"



Dayton Motor Car Co
Dayton, Ohio

Bill Nye, Postmaster

(A Letter of Thanks.)

OFFICE OF "DAILY BOOMERANG,"

LARAMIE CITY, Wyo., August 9.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have received by telegraph the news of my nomination by the President and my confirmation by the Senate as Postmaster of Laramie, and wish to extend my thanks for the same.

I have ordered an entirely new set of boxes and post-office outfit, including new corrugated cupidors for the lady clerks.

I look upon the appointment myself as a great triumph of eternal truth over error and wrong. It is one of the epochs, I may say, in the Nation's onward march toward political purity and perfection. I do not know when I have noticed any stride in the affairs of State which so thoroughly impressed me with its wisdom.

Now that we are co-workers in the same department I trust that you will not feel shy or backward in consulting me at any time relative to matters concerning post-office affairs. Be perfectly frank with me, and feel perfectly free to just bring anything of that kind right to me. Do not feel reluctant, because I may at times appear haughty and indifferent, cold or reserved. Perhaps you do not think I know the difference between a general delivery window and a three-m quad, but that is a mistake.

My general information is far beyond my years.

With profound regard and a hearty indorsement of the policy of the President and the Senate, whatever it may be, I remain, sincerely yours,

BILL NYE, P. M.

GEN. FRANK HATTON, Washington, D. C.



"THE ARTIST HAS DEPICTED ME IN THE ACT OF WRITING MY SAD VOLUME, 'VAPORS OF MY SOUL' . . . THE EYE IS NOT BAD, BUT THE NOSE SEEMS TO ME INSUFFICIENTLY MELANCHOLY."

—From "Daumier and Garvarni." International Studio Special Extra Number. John Lane Company.



"IT'S MY WIFE!"

—From "Daumier and Garvarni." International Studio Special Extra Number. John Lane Company.

To His Nose

Fine Nose! whose ruby gems so many a pipe have cost
Of white wine and of red,
Whose color richly shared, nor red nor violet lost,
Hath both hues fairly spread.

Big Nose! who thee beholds across a bumper glass,
Judges thee yet more fine:
Thou are not like the nose of that most wretched ass
Who water takes for wine.

A turkey-cock's red throat the most resembles thee.
How many richest folk
Have not so rich a nose! To paint thee needs must be
Very much time bespoke.

The glass, the pencil, was which thee illumined;
The coloring was wine:
So thou was painted, cherries not so red,
During that thirst of mine.

Some say wine hurts the eyes, but who gives heed to those?
Wine is a curious
Good medicine for my ills; both windows I would lose
Rather than all the house.

—Alivier Basselin (Fifteenth Century).

Uncommon Humanity

At an evening party a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Douglas Jerrold, who was looking on, and said:

"Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that elderly lady?"

"One of the Humane Society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

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Devoted this
Entire Life
To The
Skin And Its
Needs



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MARK

The Skin Soap

We are making our twenty-four millionth cake

The one thing every one wants, both men and women, perhaps more than any other one thing in the world, is a clear, good skin. Without it, everything is in a measure spoiled.

Every day the conditions of city life are increasing the number of complexions that are not good. Soot and dirt, bad air in cars and public places, the stress and strain and *higher living*, show their effect on the skin. Increasing numbers of sallow, harsh, as well as rough and spotted skins, are the result.

Re-Supplies What Is Exhausted From The Skin

For thirty years Woodbury's Facial Soap has been used by thousands for the skin. John H. Woodbury realized that successes are made by specialists, and he devoted his entire life to the skin and its needs. His soap re-supplies what is exhausted from the skin by the conditions we now live under. The feeling it gives the skin at its first use is a promise of what its steady use does.



The Nose Pores How To Reduce Them

Complexions that are otherwise flawless are often ruined by the conspicuous pores of the nose. The blood supply in the nose is comparatively poor, and therefore does not keep the pores open as they should be. Instead they clog up, collect dirt and become enlarged.

Reduce them—begin to-night to use this treatment. Wring a wash cloth from very hot water and hold

it to your face. Do this several times. Then when the heat has expanded the pores of your skin, rub in a good lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub it in. Then rinse thoroughly in cooler water, then in cold water.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores and acts as a stimulant. As new skin forms, this treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap gradually reduces the enlarged pores, making them practically inconspicuous. The skin on your nose becomes as refined in texture as your cheeks.

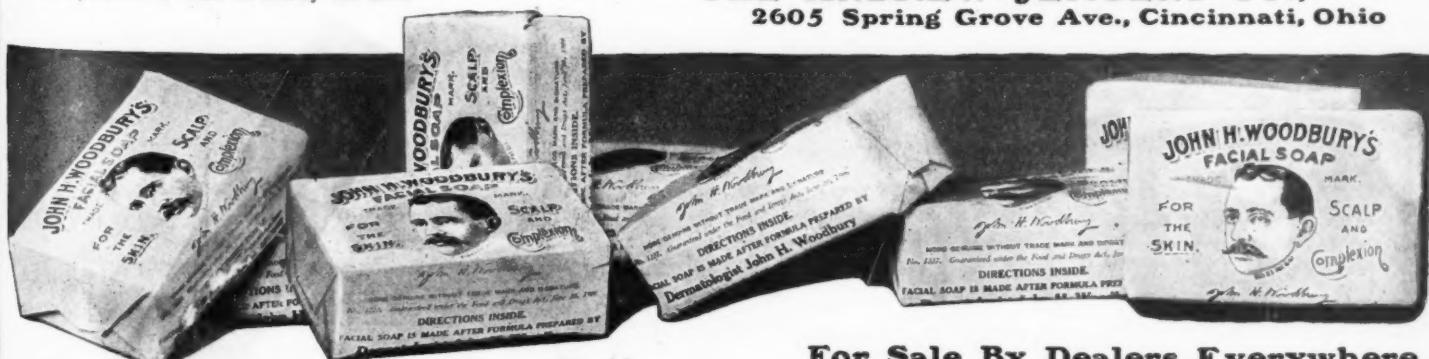
Commence Now To Get Its Benefits

Use Woodbury's Facial Soap regularly, persistently. It costs 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact, it is not as expensive as it sounds, for it is solid soap—all soap; there is no water in it and it wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

For four cents in stamps, we will send you a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. The use of this much will not give any permanent results, but the feeling of it on the skin will show you what thousands of others have found. Send for it. For ten cents in stamps, we will send you a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder.

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2605 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio**



For Sale By Dealers Everywhere



The Love of a Butcher Boy

Deer heart, I'm in an awful stew
How I'll re-veal my love for you.
I'm such a mutton-head, I fear—
I feel so sheep-ish when you're near.
I know it's only cow-ardice
That makes these lamb-entations rise.
I dread a cut—let me explain:
A single roast would give me pain.
I should not like to get the hooks,
And dare not steak my hopes on looks.
I never sausage eyes as thine,
If you would but-cher hand in mine—
And live-r round me every day,
We'd seek some ham-let far away;
We'd meat Life's frowns with Love's
cares,
And cleav-er road to happiness.

—Graphite.

Of Course

Bound to sell—modern fiction.—*Harvard Lampoon*.



Highwayman: MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!

"OH, THOMAS, DEAR, GIVE HIM ONE OF
YOUR LIVES! IF HE TAKES OUR MONEY
WE'LL HAVE NOTHING LEFT."

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Good Fishing

K. M. Wharry was telling some friends about a proposed fishing trip to a lake in Colorado he had in contemplation.

"Are there any trout out there?" asked one friend.

"Thousands of 'em," replied Mr. Wharry.

"Will they bite easily?" asked another friend.

"Will they?" said Mr. Wharry.

"Why, they're absolutely vicious. A man has to hide behind a tree to bait a hook."—*Denver Post*.

Tryouts

CRAWFORD: Don't you miss the theater, living out here in this one-horse town?

SUBURBS: Why, man, we see plays here that you never see in New York!—*Puck*.

The Limit

KNICKER: Is his house mortgaged?

BOCKER: Up to the auto.—*New York Sun*.

"HAVE you ever heard the story of Algy and the bear?" asked a boy of his father. "It's very short. 'Algy met a bear; the bear was bulgy; the bulge was Algy.'"—*London News*.



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deserve the approval of the man who
wishes to avoid the commonplace in dress.

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RACING ISN'T DEAD!

The Sport of Kings at its Best During August

AT

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

Under the auspices of the Jockey Club

Commencing Thursday, August 4th, to Saturday, August 27th, Inclusive
Every week day, rain or shine

RACING DAYS' ORDER OF STAKE EVENTS

Thursday, Aug. 4....	{ Flash, 5½ fur., 2-year-olds. Saratoga Handicap, 1¼ mile, 3-year-olds and up.	Wednesday, Aug. 17....	Grand Union, 6 fur., 2-year-olds.
Friday, Aug. 5.....	Alabama, 1½ mile, 3-year-old fillies.	Thursday, Aug. 18....	{ Troy, selling, 5½ fur., 2-year-olds. Saranac Handicap, 1½ mile, 3-year-olds.
Saturday, Aug. 6....	{ Hurricana, 5½ fur., 2-year-olds. Delaware Handicap, 1 mile, 3-year-olds and up. Saratoga Steeplechase.	Friday, Aug. 19.....	Catskill, 6 fur., 3-year-olds and up.
Monday, Aug. 8.....	Kentucky, selling, 5½ fur., 2-year-old fillies.	Saturday, Aug. 20....	{ Hopeful, 6 fur., 2-year-olds. Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, 1 3-16 mile, 3-year-olds and up. Shillelah Steeplechase Handicap.
Tuesday, Aug. 9.....	Seneca, selling, 7 fur., 3-year-olds.	Monday, Aug. 22.....	Vassar, selling, 1 mile, 3-year-old fillies.
Wednesday, Aug. 10....	U. S. Hotel, 6 fur., 2-year-olds.	Tuesday, Aug. 23.....	Huron, 1 3-16 mile, 3-year-olds.
Thursday, Aug. 11....	{ Albany Handicap, 6 fur., 2-year-olds. Champlain Handicap, 1½ mile, 3-year-olds and up.	Wednesday, Aug. 24....	Adirondack Handicap, 6 fur., 2-year-olds.
Friday, Aug. 12.....	Schenectady, selling, 1 mile, 3-year-olds and up, mares and geldings.	Thursday, Aug. 25....	Wellesley Handicap, 5½ fur., 2-year-old fillies.
Saturday, Aug. 13....	{ Saratoga Special, 6 fur., 2-year-olds. Travers, 1¼ mile, 3-year-olds. North American Steeplechase.	Friday, Aug. 26.....	Amsterdam, selling, 1 mile, 3-year-olds and up.
Monday, Aug. 15.....	Mohawk, selling, 1½ mile, 3-year-olds.	Saturday, Aug. 27....	{ Rensselaer Handicap, 6 fur., 2-year-olds. Saratoga Cup, 1¾ mile, 3-year-olds and up. Beverwyck Steeplechase Handicap.
Tuesday, Aug. 16.....	Spinaway, 5½ fur., 2-year-old fillies.		

First Race at 2:30 Each Day

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For the Improvement of the Breed of Horses

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For full particulars apply to TOWN & COUNTRY TRAVEL BUREAU, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York
Telegrams: "TOURED, LONDON"



Before and After

This is the way that he went home before he took a wife. He was on deck for joy rides or whatever else was rife. He was out late six times a week and led a frisky life.

But now he goes straight home like this and stays there, you can bet. He's had to learn a thing or two he never will forget. He dares not stay out late because he wed a suffragette.

—Judge.

Taking Precautions

A young "briefless" was perambulating the courts with an air of scarcely being able to find time to do anything—when his boy tracked him down in one of the corridors.

"Oh, sir!" said the boy, "there is a man at your office with a brief, sir."

"What, a brief! Great heavens!"

And the young fellow began to run through the passages as fast as he could for fear the prey should escape him.

"Stop, sir, stop!" cried the boy, who could scarcely keep pace. "You needn't hurry, sir; I've locked him in!"—M. A. P.

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300 YEARS

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LIVER UPSET? Try
Hunyadi János

NATURAL APERIENT WATER
Avoid Unscrupulous Druggists

Not a Sin

To Pére Monsabre, the distinguished French preacher, there came one Sabbath, after mass, a lady who insisted that she must see him on an affair of great importance. It was a matter of conscience, and she explained that she was most seriously disturbed. In fact, she was sadly given to vanity. That very morning, she confessed, she had looked in the glass and had yielded to the temptation of thinking herself pretty.

Pére Monsabre looked at her. "Is that all, my daughter?"

"That is all."

"Then go in peace, for to make a mistake is not a sin."—Lippincott's.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Cheap Thinking

MODEL: I think I shall spend a week in Paris.

ARTIST: How the dickens can you afford to do that?

MODEL: I can't, but I can afford to think I will.—Illustrated Bits.

New Material

WILLIS: Darwin wrote about the struggle for existence many years ago.

GILLIS: Couldn't he have made a great book of it to-day with our present prices to work with though?—Brooklyn Life.

AN old lady was told the story of the boy who defined "vacuum" as "a large empty space where the Pope lives." She was intensely amused, and recovered from a fit of uncontrolled laughter to murmur, "Dear me, how extremely droll! But why the Pope?"—Democratic Telegram.

ST. PETER (to applicant): What was your business when on earth?

APPLICANT: Editor of a newspaper.

ST. PETER: Big circulation, of course?

APPLICANT: No, small; smallest in the country.

ST. PETER: Pick out your harp.—Epoch.

Mr. Berton Braley, who wrote the excellent verses, "Chant Royal of the Wicked Ogre," which appeared in the Wild Oats Number of LIFE, omitted his signature and wishes it understood that he is the author.

WORLD TOUR—ORIENT

Also: Tour Spain, Sicily, Italy (Christmas in Rome and France, sailing Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb.,
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NEW YORK

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Country Home and we will send you 500
Printed Post Cards repro-
ucing the picture for \$6.85. Sample card on request.

FRANK B. HOWARD
257 Main Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Rhymed Reviews

The Voice in the Rice

(By Gouverneur Morris. Dodd, Mead
& Co.)

A hundred Zendas crowd the chart,
Betwixt the Baltic Sea and China,
Yet here's a new one, set apart
Among the swamps of Carolina,

Where planters, strictly up-to-date
In cultured ways, by laws baronial
Have ruled an oligarchic state
With hordes of slaves, from days
colonial.

Their waterways of tangled ins
And outs, delude the prying raider;
And swarms of deadly moccasins
Are keen to bite the rash invader.

Lord Nairn is chief of all the clan
That holds this swampy cuckoo-
skyland,
A monstrous-hugeous-wicked man,
Like Honest John in "Treasure
Island."

Bridgeport Fastener



"A Splendid Acknowledgment of Fisk Superiority"

FISK
Quality
TIRES

WHEN the pleasure of the consumer and the profit of the maker or dealer are the main considerations, men who invariably use good judgment in other matters buy and pay high prices for inferior tire equipment.

WHEN speed and safety mean the saving of human life and property, the purchaser is apt to stop, and think, and buy the best.

FISK Quality Tires and the Fisk Removable Rim are the pneumatic equipment on 75% of the motor fire apparatus, police patrol wagons, ambulances and other vehicles used for strenuous municipal work in this country to-day, where the element of pleasure is merged in the business-like meeting of most abnormal and exacting conditions.

THERE could be no more splendid tribute to Fisk Quality than this voluntary selection for work in which the truth of every claim we have ever made is so vitally at stake.

Booklets full of straightforward facts about Fisk Quality Tires and the Fisk Removable Rim will be mailed on request.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

DEPT. S, CHICOOPEE FALLS, MASS.

And when our hero, cast ashore
Without a stitch among the rubble,
Contrives to cross this Blunderbore,
Be sure there's lots of room for
trouble—

When no one bothers how absurd
A yarn may be, unless it preaches.
Besides, the villain is a bird;
He lives, it seems, on snakes and
peaches.

And that's enough for you to know,
Excepting this: The tale's a hummer
Without a single page that's slow;
A proper book to read in summer.

And, oh, the pictures! I like best
The lovely lady "dressed for tennis,"
For Lyendecker shows her dressed,
To take a horseback ride in Venice.
Arthur Guiterman.



Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON
Cigarettes



INGRATITUDE



Percy Mackaye's New Mask

Percy Mackaye, tired of coqueting with the Tragic Muse, has turned his attention to comedy, with modern American themes. From the West come encouraging reports of Miss

Crosman's summer tour in his "Anti-Matrimony," a satire on Ibsen and the problem play in which the representatives of "advanced ideas" are made to caper nimbly to the jig-tune of Mr.

(Continued on page 163)

THE BEST SHORT STORIES
of the year are in the
FICTION NUMBER
(AUGUST)
SCRIBNER

Richard Harding Davis contributes a story of remarkable power and dramatic intensity—*A Question of Latitude*

E. W. Hornung, creator of the famous Raffles, tells a story of villainy and heroism in which a chauffeur plays a leading part—*The Man at the Wheel*

Stories by

Alice Brown
John R. Spears

Dorothy Canfield
Gerald Chittenden

John Fox, Jr., author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," describes a journey *On Horseback to Kingdom Come*—a region he had never before visited. It has all the charm and romantic color of his fiction

A very notable feature of this number will be

GEORGE MEREDITH'S

The Sentimentalists—An Unfinished Comedy

Maurice Hewlett's *Rest Harrow*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S

account of the great LION HUNT by Nandi spearmen is one of the most vivid and dramatic episodes among his African experiences

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THE MODERN VERSION

"It's well to sing of violets blue
And to swear by the moon you'll be true,
But it's 'Rad-Bridge' for mine.
Sing of that and I'm thine."

"If you love me it's now up to you."

SILK VELOUR PLAYING CARDS

Latest, same quality, size, colors and price as our famous hemstitched linen card, only difference design of back. "It's a beauty." Ten cents in stamp (less than cost) secures our handsome sample wallet of Bridge Whist accessories with new illustrated catalog. Address Dept. L, Radcliffe & Co., 144 Pearl St., New York, and London, E. C.

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FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER
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during
August and
September

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 162)

Mackaye's composition. Meanwhile, in company with his wife, he has gone to California, at Margaret Anglin's invitation, to be present at her performance of "Antigone" in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley. Mr. Mackaye is at work on a play (modern American) for Miss Anglin, and expects to finish it after his return to his New Hampshire home in Cornish, where he will also perfect a play (modern American) for Henry Miller. By September he will be able to attend to details connected with the production by Henry B. Harris of "The Scarecrow," in which Edgar Selwyn is to assume the title part.

Mr. Churchill and Politics

While *A Modern Chronicle* continues to engage the attention of innumerable novel readers, it may interest some of them to know that its author, Winston Churchill, is still a factor in politics in his adopted State. From a friend in New Hampshire who keeps a glass trained on the horizon we learn that the local "Insurgents" are pushing their campaign without telephone connection with Oyster Bay. They controlled the House in the last Legislature, and the whole of the platform on which Mr. Churchill ran in 1906 has been made into law. Men of



all callings who formerly took no interest in politics are actively interested

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By REX BEACH

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in the attempt to nominate a candidate for Governor, and, so far, their choice of the man for that office is unopposed. The name of this candidate is Bass. Does the name sound familiar? We hasten to assure you that he is no relation whatever to a certain Jethro Bass, whose reincarnation in *Coniston* so excited Senator Chandler. The present Mr. Bass, whom the Insurgents hope to hail as Governor, is a lawyer and a Harvard man who makes his home in Peterboro.

Down on the Farm

Taking a hint from Mr. Bolton Hall, LIFE some time ago directed the attention of authors to the rotation of crops and the importance of diversified products. We demonstrated, with figures, that parsnips pay better than poetry, that asparagus is more easily

(Continued on page 165)

GINSENG

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MOTOR TOURING COMPANY,
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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 163)

marketed than essays, that six hundred bushels of onions to the acre, selling at seventy-five cents the bushel, will draw greater royalties than fiction. We saw a bright future for some of our writers, and we did not hesitate to say so.

The suggestion, we rejoice to say, has borne fruit—in some instances vegetables and hay. Soon thereafter Poultny Bigelow, with Gertrude Atherton as a silent partner, put aside all thoughts of the German Emperor and embarked in the business of rearing hens on the Hudson. Ever since then the price of eggs has gone steadily up until omelettes, like Elzevirs, are almost wholly in the hands of rich collectors.

George Ade, too, has accomplished wonders. As an occasional writer for the stage, he respects the traditions associated with eggs; but the violets on Brook Farm were never so blue or so beautiful. At his annual picnic, the other day, to five hundred Indiana authors, he could boast that everything except the food was raised on his own land. Aside from the violets, Mr. Ade's hobby is the propagation of plants under calcium light. The only objection to this method of horticulture is that they are peculiarly sensitive to an early frost. Otherwise they will bloom throughout the winter.

Since Jack London returned from his Pacific cruise, he has settled down in Sonoma County, California, and exchanged his sweater for a suit of serviceable jeans. Writing under date of June 20, he says: "I plan this summer to raise sixteen thousand eucalyptus trees, three hundred tons of grapes, the mortgage on the ranch, and, last and best of all, the little girl baby the stork brought me yesterday."

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*Order a Case Today
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Farmer John Kendrick Bangs, who has acquired much agricultural lore as a lecturer in the country districts, has started an experiment station on Cape Nedick, Maine. He writes:

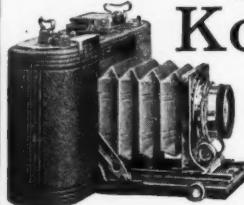
"I am devoting most of my time to the cultivation of pease—

"Poetry,
"Pumpkins,
"Paragraphs,
"Pieplant,
"Problem plays, and
(Continued on page 166)

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 165)

" Possibly politics; also
" Potatoes.

" If you have any orders in the
above lines you would better send them
in at once."

It is only fair to caution our readers
that Farmer Bangs has a reputation as
a humorist.

A Quest in New Canaan

Since the New Haven Railroad an-
nounced in cold blood that it didn't

Station, would they be encouraged to come into New York at all? And then there is the spur that begins somewhere near Stamford and comes to a stop at New Canaan. If you ever go to New Canaan you will find that, as it is quite impossible to proceed any further, you must come back again. But this you will be quite prepared to do. Only the other day we took the train for New Canaan, because somebody told us it was a summer resort. And, of course, it is. So is the country club in Forty-second Street, Manhattan. So, we are told, is Montclair. Once we knew some fairly intelligent people who went to spend the summer in Rahway, N. J.

Well, there we were in New Canaan, balancing its advantages with the attractions offered by Hoboken, Elizabeth and Yonkers. After some thought we decided to return to Hoboken, which is not only rural, but very beautiful and well shaded by the smoke. Suddenly a poet appeared. There could be no mistake; it was Bliss Carman.

Is it possible that you live here?" we asked.

He seemed to be struggling with his emotions, but did not answer. "Hush," said our companion, who has penetrated into the innermost Pierian circles. "You must give a poet time to collect his thoughts." And presently Mr. Carman spoke—very simply, and using only a few gestures. He said: "Did you ever hear of Sconset, where there's nothing much but moors, And beach and sea and silence and eternal out-of-doors—

Milo
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Egyptian
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AROMATIC DELICACY
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Where the azure round of ocean meets
the paler dome of day,
Where the sailing clouds of summer on
the sea-line melt away,
And there's not an ounce of trouble
Anywhere?"

We nodded intelligently, and he re-
sumed:

"Where the field-larks in the morning will
be crying at the door,
With the whisper of the moor-wind and the
surf along the shore;
Where the little shingled houses down the
little grassy street
Are grey with salt of sea-winds, and the
strong sea-air is sweet
With the flowers in their door-yards;
Me for there!"

So, after all, we did not go to New
Canaan for nothing.

Gertrude Atherton's Way

Gertrude Atherton, with all the world to choose from, has gone to San Francisco to write a play for Mrs. Fiske. Going to the country in summer is no problem for San Franciscans. They don't. "The California country is unbearably dusty," writes Mrs. Atherton, "and summer resorts everywhere fill me with horror. A home of my own would do me no good, as I write every book in a different place. For my immediate purpose I have found a windy place down in the burnt district where none of my friends would be seen. I shall take my vacation in Europe in the autumn and winter when other Americans are at home and out of the way."

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needs rest, recreation and relief
from the worry and care of busi-
ness in the good old Summer
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will refresh, strengthen and restore

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care much about commuters, anyway, since it carried them at a loss, and wouldn't they please move up a little further, say to Providence, R. I., or Worcester, Mass., we have been wondering what might happen. With the tearing down of the Grand Central

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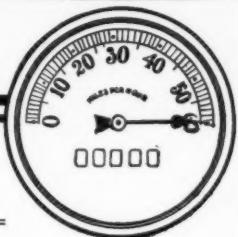
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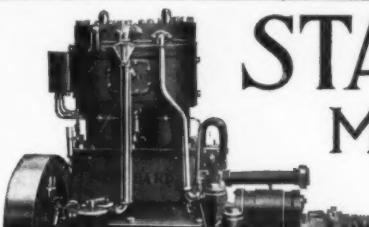
Author of *The Last American*, *Amos Judd*, *The Pines of Lory*, etc., etc.

Not to become acquainted with Steve Wadsworth and follow him through the strange vicissitudes of his remarkable career is to miss intercourse with a human being of a kind rarely found between the covers of a book.—*Baltimore American*.

More than most novels it has individuality in the manner of the telling.—*N. Y. Times*.

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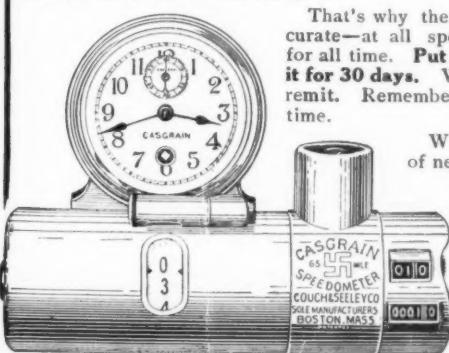
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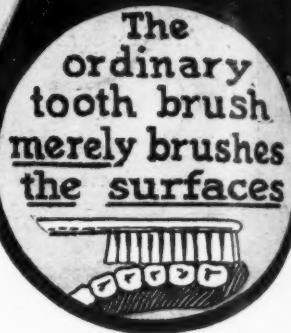
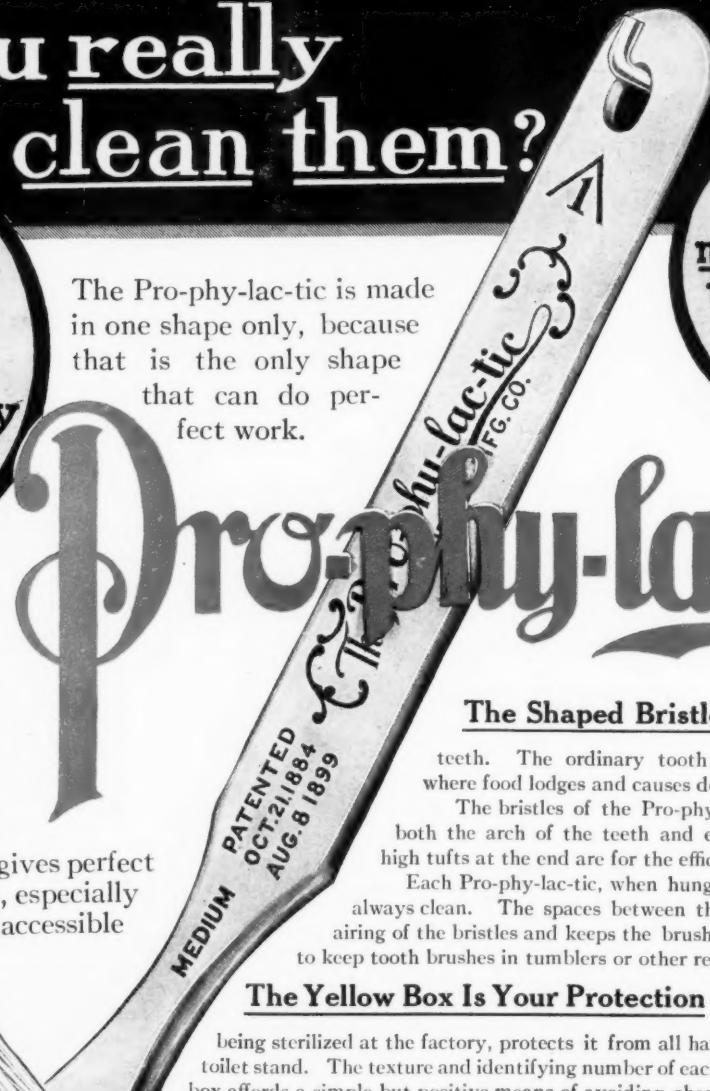
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PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC SPECIAL—New flexible handle, 3 sizes: Adult's, 35c.; youth's and child's, 25c.

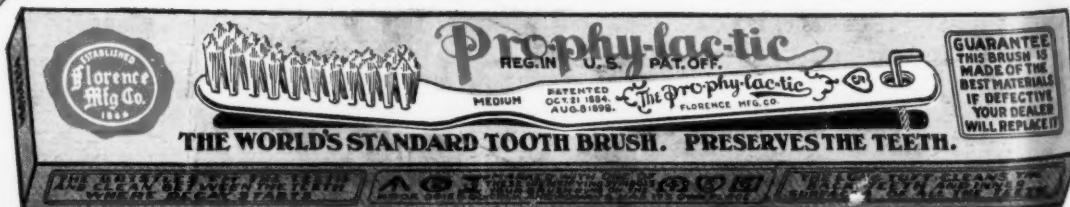
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